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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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BOUDOIR AND BEDROOM OF A CHINESE LADY OF RANK.

Masterless Literature

BERNARD SHAW spoke in his New York address of the frame of reference which American politics for the last decades has so noticeably lacked, meaning the absence in our boom years of any principle of political science to which reference could be made when questions arose as to whether legislation was for the ultimate good of a people or for the particular advantage of a person or a group. Such a frame of reference for government Mr. Berle outlined in his cogent and significant essay on government policy in 1933 compared with 1929, published in this *Review* week before last. The political science of the last decade according to both his judgment and Shaw's attack has been either "masterless erudition," or worse.

This lack of a frame of principle, or of knowledge, or of theory, or of all three in happy combination, is no isolated phenomenon. It has been characteristic, as Mr. I. A. Richards pointed out, also in this *Review*, of the study and teaching of the humanities in our universities, where the purpose of the study and the teaching of literature has too often been voided by a failure to consider ends in the fevered pursuit of means. It has been characteristic of finance, as is now evident even to brokers' clerks; it has reduced the practice of religion in many institutions to a technique; it was responsible for Prohibition; and it has stamped the literature of the twenties with its own image.

There can be no such thing as a frame of reference for literature in general except in terms of rather abstract philosophy or esthetics, but a frame of reference for a national literature there can be, and must be, and has always been where an age and a nation attained effective self-expression.

To say that the twenties failed to express themselves seems paradoxical, for that clamorous and protesting period specialized in self-expression. But was it effective, except as a safety-valve is effective in blowing off high and dangerous pressure? A chorus of dissonances, whistles blowing day and night, high and low, with no rhythm and no harmony—that is the impression the literature of the twenties leaves upon the memory. Plenty of steam, plenty of noise, and a highly satisfactory discharge of pent-up protests, but, now that it is all over, a recollection chiefly of burst inhibitions, vociferous descriptions of confusion worse confounded.

(*Continued on page* 548)

Chinese Life

THE HOUSE OF EXILE. By NORA WALN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by PEARL S. BUCK

THIS book of Nora Waln's is undoubtedly one of the most delightful books of personal experience that has yet been written about China. Its authenticity is beyond question, not only because of the accuracy of detail, but because of the obvious sincerity of the writing. I am charmed by the style of the writing. It is a little studied, a little sedate, beautifully meticulous in its careful choice of the right word, and all this suits very well the subject of the book, particularly the formalism of the life described in the first part.

With the latter half of the book comes a change. Out of the rigorous courtesy, the quiet rectitude of an ancient and noble Chinese house we are plunged into the torrents of new China and revolution. But Nora Waln shows us the best aspects of this part of Chinese life even as she portrays for us the best and most idealistic of old Chinese family life. It is all fascinating material simply and beautifully expressed.

I confess I think Miss Waln's ability is better shown in the first half of the book. Obviously her keenest sympathies are with the old and exquisite life of the courtyards of old China. Or perhaps it is only that the reserves and the delicacies of that life appear most congenial to one of Miss Waln's temperament. There is a poetic and fine quality in that old Chinese life of maids and ladies which Miss Waln has caught so perfectly as to make it appear undoubtedly a life which is congenial to her. Only complete sympathy could portray with such delicate perfection.

The point of view of the book is ,of course, that of a Westerner viewing an Oriental situation; a sympathetic, cultivated, comprehending Westerner, but still a Westerner. One regrets that Miss Waln did not know Chinese when she first entered the house of Lin, so that she might have understood the private conversations that undoubtedly went on about her, the unguarded remarks, the comments of servant maids. Nothing is franker and more racy in any Chinese household than such talk as this, and it forms always the most interesting foil for the rituals, the formal dignities, the poetry, even, of the life of mistresses and masters. To the practical eye of a servant maid, to the weary mind

(*Continued on page* 548)

A Primer for Intellectuals

By BERNARD DEVOTO

AN English translation of Vilfredo Pareto's "Trattato di Sociologia Generale" has been under way for four or five years. Commercial firms may be excused for hesitating to spend the money required to print nearly a million words which, in the happiest circumstances imaginable, could not become a best seller.† The reluctance of at least two scholarly foundations cannot be so readily condoned; conceivably their income was bequeathed to them for the purpose of publishing important books which cannot be expected to return a profit. About the importance of Pareto's masterpiece opinions can differ only in degree. That it is one of the most important books of the twentieth century is unquestionable. That it is the most important is an opinion held by a number of people entitled to speak with authority. One of them, a professor of the history of science, has said that the book may eventually be considered the greatest intellectual achievement since Newton's "Principia." His comparison is exact: it seems likely that the "Trattato" has done for the science of sociology about what the "Principia" did for the science of mechanics.

Perhaps for that reason it will be best, when the English translation is published, to omit the word "sociology" from the title. Over a period of six months I have observed a group of professional sociologists engaged in studying Pareto.‡ Their discomfort has been acute: they have been mostly bewildered and always angry. Their anger seems a little unscientific but is easily understood. Pareto is not a sociologist at all, as they understand sociology. He uses a technique altogether different from any used before him in the study of society, and he reaches conclusions which invalidate all the sociology that has gone before him—except for scattered bits of Aristotle, Machiavelli, Bayle, Marx, and Sorel.§ It is best, then, in order to introduce Pareto to America, to present him as something else—a procedure which would have had his complete approval. Words, he insists, are mere conventions, and we must not dispute about them. When such a dispute appears, assign a mathematical expression to the thing in question, carefully defining it. You will then be discussing a thing, not a word, and meaning will be possible. Much of the sociologists' anger arises from their failure to observe that the adjective "générale" qualifies the noun "sociologie." That is, Pareto is examining the basic structure of society, whereas specialized sociologies confine themselves to the form of society. A less enraging title of his books would be "Treatise on the Functional Relationship $a + b = 2x$ in Society," or "A First Approximation of the Functional Relationship in Society of the Residues and Derivations." The titles are too long? Call the book, then, "The Structure of Society." And observe that it is the first attempt ever made to bring the scientific method to bear on that structure. The first attempt, that is, which did not assume its findings in advance, which was not made in the service of some metaphysical, religious, political, or economic cause. Was Marx, for instance, in a skeptical mood when he began "Das Kapital"?

The fact that Pareto is almost unknown in England and America is one of the most amazing, and amusing, commentaries on our intellectuals. At a time when everyone is planning some reconstruction of society and violently proselyting for converts, no one seems to have bothered to inquire what the only attempt to describe society has to say about it. At a time when the search for a "new ideology" is held to be the first essential in approaching "the new world order"—I inclose the phrases in quotes for they have no meaning—the frantic searchers have not heard of what may be the alphabet necessary for their new language. There may be references to Pareto in obscure sociological journals in England, but there are none in the liberal journals and none in the books of English sociologists and world-renovators. A single literary allusion exists, in an essay of Aldous Huxley's. The American bibliography is brief. Pareto has never been quoted in the *Nation* or the *New Republic*, nor in the works of Messrs. Chase, Soule, Thomas, Goldenweiser, Cowley, Arvin, or any of their colleagues, allies, or

† The English translation of Pareto, it may now be announced, will soon be ready for publication, and will be issued probably in several volumes by Harcourt, Brace & Co., beginning next Fall or Winter.

‡ In the French translation: Traité de Sociologie Générale. Edition Française par Pierre Boven. Revue par l'Auteur. Paris: Librairie Payot & Cie. 1919.

§ In an article so brief as this one, statements have to be made with a flatness that would be modified and explained in a longer treatment. To be at all clear about Pareto's significance, I have had to misrepresent his text in this way. Especially is this true of the repudiation of sociology. The reader must understand that the repudiation is true only of general, that is systematic, sociology, that Pareto only occasionally touches the subject matter of the specialized sociologies, and that a demonstration of a sociology's failure to meet logico-experimental tests does not deny its social utility.

This Week

WOOD CRAFT.
By JOHN DRINKWATER.

"THE ODYSSEY OF CABEZA DE VACA."
Reviewed by HERBERT INGRAM PRIESTLEY.

"CANDELABRA."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.

"THE PROPAGANDA MENACE."
Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

"INTIMATE MEMORIES" OF MABEL DODGE LUHAN.
Reviewed by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER.

"NOT TO EAT, NOT FOR LOVE."
Reviewed by LINCOLN KIRSTEIN.

"HUMAN NATURE."
Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

"MAN OF TWO WORLDS."
Reviewed by MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY.

"TOWARD THE UNDERSTANDING OF KARL MARX."
Reviewed by FELIX MORROW.

"PRICES."
Reviewed by FABIAN FRANKLIN.

Next Week, or Later

RECENT RELIGIOUS BOOKS.
Reviewed by P. W. WILSON.

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co-religionists, nor in the works of any revolutionist, radical, liberal, conservative, or paid defender of Wall Street known to me. The Sociological Press published a translation of one of Bousquet's pamphlets about him in 1928. The year before, Dr. L. J. Henderson had published an article, "The Science of Human Conduct," in the *Independent* for Dec. 10, 1927. Except for a footnote in James Harvey Robinson's "Mind in the Making," that was the first mention of Pareto in America. Allusions to the "Traité" may be found in an article of mine in *Harper's*, in 1928, and in my "Mark Twain's America." Arthur Livingstone has mentioned Pareto on occasion. And that, so far as I have been able to discover, is the complete list to date of references to Pareto's sociology, as distinguished from his economics, in America. This article is his first appearance in an American literary journal.

It is not likely that the "Traité" will progress in English-speaking countries much faster than it has done, even when the translation is published. Pareto is not for hopeful people. He cannot be read with comfort by anyone; he probably cannot be read at all by people who serve any kind of cause, who are working for any kind of social renovation, who have strong emotions or beliefs about any aspect of society or any of its possible developments. I mean here literally what I say: the book probably cannot be read at all by such people — psychological outrage defeats the effort. I doubt, for instance, that Mr. Edmund Wilson, who has gone undaunted through "Work in Progress," could force himself through the "Traité." Mr. Wilson is a devout Marxian, and you cannot bring religious beliefs to a reading of Pareto. An effort to engage the attention of such thinkers would probably best be made as a flank attack. One would inform them that Mussolini attributes his conversion from socialism to the lectures of Pareto which he attended while in exile, and that some of Il Duce's measures can be described as measures which a dictator might deduce from a profound mis-

discovered are the "laws" of science that apply within those conditions, but that kind of "law" has no mystical sanction. Pareto's aim is to describe the behavior of society in an effort to discover its continuities. Well, there can be no doubt that he has discovered continuities in society, and has expressed them adequately for the first time in the history of thought, although partial expressions of many of them have always been a part of human wisdom. Of human wisdom, that is, outside of social thinking. To that extent, Pareto is the Newton of sociology. His successors will reveal much inaccuracy and perhaps much downright error. But, it seems likely, however his description may be modified, however his terminology and classification may be changed, his work will stand as the indispensable first approximation which he intended it to be. That intention provides another difficulty for the intellectuals. They desire absolute truth. The method of science, the method of successive approximations, alarms and offends them. They cannot accept the scientfic principle that any method which leads from facts to theory and back to facts is a good method, that all results are partly arbitrary, that all relationships are relative. They demand an absolute, and science has no absolute.

This first approximation comes to us from physical science. That fact is, for the twentieth century, extremely significant —for it creates a conceptual scheme much more harmonious with the scientific habits of this century than the one in which contemporary social thinking has tried to work. Pareto's method existed in his work as early as 1890, a time when the concepts of modern physics, which parallel his, were undeveloped. Social thinking was then, as it still is, conducted in a scheme borrowed from biology. Comte, Marx, and Spencer, like their successors of today, thought in terms of biology, thought of society as an organism. They were, in effect, Darwinians or at least evolutionists. The fatal defects of this scheme are exhaustively studied in the "Traité." Pareto

ever, that a description based on such an assumption was both inadequate to describe society, which is much more than merely an economic system, and specifically untrue. In his "Systèmes Socialistes," of 1903, an objective study of the Religion of Progress, he was already pointing the way to his masterpiece. The "Trattato" appeared in 1916 and the official French translation three years later. It is a unique book. One of the most amazing, and most bewildering, ever written, it does what no other social thinker has tried to do. It studies human irrationality not as an aberration of society but as one of its functions. For the first time it analyzes the functional relationships of protective thinking, of unreason, of prejudice, superstition, and ignorance, of corruption and mass pressure and humanitarian weakness—not as defects which a "better" society would eradicate or should eradicate, but as mere data found to exist in a relationship which must be described. It studies society, that is, as an equilibrium —as a collectivity whose parts are in a relationship of mutual dependence. It brings to society a technique derived from exact science. It creates an instrument for determining the exact nature of relationships of mutual dependence and for measuring their "energy," their "social force." (The quoted words are mine. I use them to suggest the effect of Pareto, not to describe his method.)

The book does much else, but in those limits it is, I believe, unshakable. Those parts of it must be, I think, the basis of any effort to forecast or control the development of society. Those parts, I think, supersede all earlier social thinking as a basis for description. I mean: whatever the value of Marx or anyone else as a means of altering the sentiments of people whose sentiments it may be for other people desirable to alter, Marx as a description of society has been as completely superseded as the chemists of 1750 and the biologists of 1800 have been superseded.

No summary is possible here. Mr. Robinson, in the footnote I have mentioned,

that. Nobody could calculate the resultant of the pressure on the equilibrium, which is a sufficiently arresting fact—but the resultant, even after the fact, cannot be described. Try, for instance, this single item. Up to Prohibition a definite sentiment forbade a respectable woman to drink gin with men in a saloon; but as a concomitant of Prohibition (observe that I do not say as a result) a definite sentiment sanctioned such a woman to drink gin with men in a speakeasy. Try describing that single, simple fact in terms of Marx or anyone else you please. It can't be described in Marxian terms, but it can be described in Paretian terms.

Well, it occurs to students of Pareto that the accurate description of such phenomena is essential as a basis to any attempt to control society. The simple, causal, subjective description of Marxism and the other religions which we as intellectuals are being constantly asked to join seem to us absurd as preludes to thinking and acting about society. We are asked, in effect, to support phlogiston in the world of modern physics. We regard the hopeful expectations of all social renovators now practising their trade as exactly equivalent to the belief of a Baptist parson in 1920 that the Eighteenth Amendment would have the simple effect of regenerating American society in the direction of sweetness and light. Only, these hopeful notions are far more ignorantly dangerous than the parson's, in that they propose more profound disturbance of the social equilibrium—and propose it in complete inability to identify or describe the complex variables, in complete powerlessness to forecast the resultant in any terms except those of revelation.

The collapse of our intellectuals is quite as complete as that of our bankers and industrialists, and more terrifying. One element in it may be their failure to equip themselves with a realistic instrument for thinking about society. Vilfredo Pareto had no more concern with the application of his conclusions that Faraday had with the invention of radio. But precisely as

It is almost as difficult for the person who has no beliefs about society, who approaches the book in an unemotional mood, merely to find out what it says. I seldom publish doubts about my ability to understand any intellectual problem which I have determined to understand. Nevertheless, after five and a half years of close textual study of the "Traité" I pretend to no mastery of it and am writing about it here only because I agree with the Editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* that some discussion of it in public is highly desirable. The person who is to understand Pareto sufficiently well to make the applications which were outside Pareto's intention, must bring to the study great skill and long experience at mathematics and a sufficient career in physical or biological science to have acquired the mental habits of a research worker. No intellectuals in America have such an equipment, yet it will only be when a large number of such men have devoted their lives to an amplification and application of Pareto's method that ideas about society will have any validity as working principles. Until that time it will be convenient to classify sociology as Pareto does—as pseudo-scientific thinking or as theories which transcend experience, perhaps excellent as propaganda, stimulants, or dogma, but valueless as determination of objective realities.

The sociologists whom I have observed in Dr. Henderson's seminar at Harvard are forever bringing the discussion to a halt with this plaintive question, "But where does Pareto stand?" The answer supplies the key to this revolutionary treatise. Pareto doesn't stand anywhere. His intention is not hortatory, it is only descriptive. A bacteriologist has no desire to convert microbes to a belief in progress; a physicist does not want to make Methodists or Marxians out of his atoms. Their aim is to describe the behavior of microbes and atoms under observed conditions, in an effort to discover what continuities exist in that behavior. The continuities finally

to the mathematical theory of the equilibrium of elastic bodies. To that early study of the mathematics of equilibria and to his lifelong insomnia which allowed him to acquire the most amazing erudition of our time, is probably due the development of his sociology. It was as a mathematician that he became interested in the efforts of Walras to establish "pure" economics on a mathematical basis, and it was his development of Walras's work that brought him the appointment to Walras's chair of political economy at the University of Lausanne. He worked as a mathematical economist for some years. His work develops at a length and in a detail impossible to people devoid of mathematics, theories of mutual dependence, of economic equilibrium, which are said to be of the utmost importance in their field. The idea of equilibrium dominates his economics, and it is the application of this idea to society that shifts the conceptual scheme from biology to mechanics.

The hypothesis which makes economics possible is the assumption that men know what is their best economic interest and act logically to attain it. On the basis of that assumption, it has been possible to make mathematical studies of economic phenomena. It was clear to Pareto, how-

the representation of "laws" of society just as certain generalizations are the "laws" of thermodynamics. They are unquestionably a magnificent achievement, and they will be, whether in Pareto's terminology or a better one, fundamental in the sociology of the future. But they are only one part of a study which is just as magnificent in many other parts. I select another part, not for summary but for a suggestion, or, if you like, a challenge. I select the concept of mutual dependence, which is fundamental in the concept of equilibrium.

In 1920, with Prohibition, the United States made an experiment in the alteration of a social mechanism roughly comparable to a planned society, to state socialism, to communism, to technocracy—roughly equivalent to the processes which these experimental ideas imply. In the light of 1933, what expectations of 1920 have been realized? Who, in 1920, foretold accurately what would happen in the collectivity after Prohibition? Nobody. The one thing it is possible to say of Prohibition is that nobody was right about it. The mutual dependence was incapable of forecast; nobody knew enough about the mathematics of complex social variables to foresee what would happen. More than

ment of the structure and mechanism of society within its conditions. He did not write a twentieth century "Prince"—but he has made one possible. If the world can be helped by the intellectuals—a proposition which Pareto rejected but which I am willing to adopt as a literary hypothesis—they would be well advised to make use of the instrument he has given them.

If, therefore, I were to exercise the right we all have these days to issue manifestoes, mine would take this form: Intellectuals of the world, study Pareto. I should, however, issue it with the reservation that not many intellectuals can read him, for religious reasons. The test is this: If you know what you want society to be, you probably cannot read Pareto. The surgery he does on one's most hopeful ideas about the social order is severe enough even if one comes to him in cynicism or disgust. It would be catastrophic to one who had the will-to-believe in any of its social forms. A devout Christian Scientist, I imagine, could not become an effective student of pathology. One who hopes to grow roses on the bushes in his dooryard cannot comfortably discover that they are currant bushes. Still, the discovery made and the hope abandoned, it may be possible to do something with them as currant bushes, and it is in that possibility of realism that the value of Pareto for our intellectuals resides. If ideas about society which have teeth in them are desirable, here is a bonanza. If realism is more desirable than vision in intellectual leadership, here is its primer.

The German branch of the Ralph Beaver Strassburger Foundation, "for the promotion of good relations between the United States and the European countries," has just announced the awards of its annual prize of $1,000 to Professor Friedrich Schoenmann, for his recent book, published in two volumes, "Die Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika." Professor Albert Einstein, Thomas Mann, Jakob Wassermann, Stephan Zweig were among the jury.

Wood Craft

By JOHN DRINKWATER

BRING your divine occasions to the woods;
Not in the meadows nor the heath is found,
Not even in the mountain solitudes
Such pure, such still, such consecrated ground.
The highways are for happy enterprise,
Her step on many pastures peace hath stayed,
But in the woods another knowledge lies
In ambush on the pilgrim of the shade.
The doctrine here is not of battles won,
Not of contending in a storm of words,
Nor yet of ease after long labor done,
Shadows of sleep, and troops of twilight birds—
The woods in deep eternal passion dwell,
With never word of strife or peace to tell.

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND FATHER BOIL CELEBRATING A MASS OF THANKSGIVING ON THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA.
From Caspar Plautus.

An Early Explorer

THE ODYSSEY OF CABEZA DE VACA. By MORRIS BISHOP. New York: The Century Company. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by HERBERT INGRAM PRIESTLEY
University of California

EVEN in those piping fifteen-thirties when the blood of Europe was coursing high with hope of enrichment from subjugation of the American continent and its natives, when almost universally the voice of conscience was hushed by greed, there were men who could see the essential value of a course of procedure which would lay the new found continents tributary to old Spain and still preserve the human rights of the Indians. Cabeza de Vaca, with a noble tradition behind him and his family, came to be one of those visionaries. He is identified to us in our school histories as "the first" to cross our continent, and many a book has been written in the attempt to identify his exact route by comparing his and other accounts with the present actualities. The study of this phase has its utility in helping to identify the modern names and locations of the Indians seen in our Southwest by the wanderer; so the student of early society contributes to knowledge of human geography.

But we may also think that the essence of a life is in its spirit; we may prefer to know how Cabeza de Vaca suffered and why he survived than just when and where. Professor Bishop, contributing this well documented history for the use of the general reader, has stepped aside from the rutinary work of a professor of romance languages and made a mark for himself by combining an appreciation of the physical tragedy with that of the spiritual man undone by a purpose beyond his generation to appreciate. It is not clear that Cabeza de Vaca was a humanitarian at the beginning of his American career; one may safely imagine that he was not. At any event, he was one of an expedition sent to conquer Florida under Pánfilo de Nárváez, who had been neatly whittled out of the conquest of Mexico by the arch-politician and warrior Hernán Cortés. In 1528 Narváez and his men landed on the Florida coast north of the present St. Petersburg, looking for another Tenochtitlan. "Apalachen" was to be this new land of gold, but when it failed and resources were exhausted, the sorry expedition gave up and tried to make for Pánuco down on the coast of Mexico, where Christians could succor them. Then began the real Odyssey, shipwreck on "Bad Luck Island," and years of enslavement to Indian masters, from which redemption came by the development of a technique as medicine man and a constantly increasing prestige as the four sorry survivors made their way along the Gulf Coast and across the mountains to Culiacan. There, in contact with the slave-snatching frontiersmen of Christianity, the semi-mystic found it all but impossible to defend the loyal Indians who had accompanied him from being harried into the wretchedness of that slavery from which he had miraculously escaped himself. Then the ambition to found a great realm where the white should treat the red with some moral compunction; failure to reach Spain before the coveted conquest of Florida was awarded to Soto, and then a chance in the great valley of South America.

But the Chaco, which today defies the white man and denies him a normal life though arousing the cupidity of nations, was too much for the idealist to conquer, beset as he was by illness and the cabals of those rough and ready subordinates who wanted quick wealth without too much squeamishness. Bishop follows the more kindly interpretations of De Vaca during those bitter days, though he does not ignore the criticism of the notable Ulrich Schmidel, who was not such a friendly critic of the governor.

He has made his search through a hundred and fifty odd authorities, and has made excursions into the old archives in Seville, with the result that his story is reasonably definitive and here first told completely. The narrative is smoothly written, the selection for emphasis is good; the fact that he is dealing with a man whose problems were in the main concrete and factual helps to make it easier for him to avoid that plague of modern psychoanalysis which has turned out so much bogus biography in these recent years.

A Variety of Essays

CANDELABRA. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. GALSWORTHY was so modest a man that he would not allow even this title without a deprecatory note: "Essays and addresses supposed to be enlightening—But whether the candles are alight is for the reader to judge." The first essay is called: "Some Platitudes Concerning the Drama," and the second: "Vague Thoughts on Art"; although he is never vague, and platitude does not dwell with him any more than vainglory. Most that he says about the drama may have been said before in one way or another, but platitude is not something said before. It is something not said in a way to shed light. "A human being is the best plot there is"—something of that kind has been said before, but never more compactly.

Mr. Galsworthy was not a peculiar or startling personality, but was a very attractive one. In neither his novels nor his plays is it force or depth or subtlety that one remembers so much as admirable workmanship. It does not seem as probable of his plays as of Mr. Shaw's, that they will hold the stage and see future revivals, or that his novels will last as long as Hardy's. Several times, and in different essays here, on taste, literature, fiction, and on some ten particular novelists, the opinion appears that the great preservative in fiction is character creation. Mr. Galsworthy created characters, but one does not feel that his gift for it was very notable. If he had given himself to criticism he would have been one of the best critics of his time. He was one of the best novelists of his time and one of the most effective dramatists, perhaps largely because he applied to himself his critical faculty, his extraordinary clearheadedness. The result was a certain cleanness of workmanship, which distinguishes him among his contemporaries and perhaps will be his chief preservative.

The Art of Bamboozling

THE PROPAGANDA MENACE. By FREDERICK E. LUMLEY. New York: The Century Company. 1933. $4.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

PROPAGANDA, says Harold Lasswell, is a concession to the rationality of the modern world, a realization that intelligence must be defeated on a wide scale. This was probably true for the World War propaganda which Mr. Lasswell has marked out for his particular province of study. But if it is true in 1933, it is one of the queerest concessions ever made, inasmuch as our post-war propagandists hardly ever trouble themselves to conceal their aims. In fact, the business of an Ivy Lee or an Edward L. Bernays depends upon his public standing as an artful publicity agent. The best modern propagandists operate in a calcium glare, state their objectives, tell newspaper editors and, indeed, whole communities that they are in the business of pulling wool over eyes, and then get away with stuff which millions, with a taste for Machiavellianism, like to think of as dark and devious, but which is, in reality, as open as the surface of a sunlit sea. The more people know about the ways of propagandists, the more they are seemingly fooled by them. The human animal is supposedly more intelligent than the Pavlovian dog. The latter quite naturally expects dog biscuit when the bell rings, for food has hitherto accompanied the signal. But to know the bell is all a trick, and still to water at the mouth! This is the sad experience of our conditioned homo sapiens.

Professor Lumley multiplies examples in "The Propaganda Menace." His book is a sort of glorified filing cabinet. Under "Conceptions of Propaganda," for instance, definitions by Walter Lippmann, Edward L. Bernays, Harold Lasswell, Kimball Young, E. R. A. Seligman, and Charles Merz are neatly card-indexed and cross-referenced and put away for future use. The chapter on "Propaganda in the Past," which makes the not unexpected discovery that Saracen atrocity stories were manipulated by Pope Urban to stimulate passion for the crusades, snaps rubber bands around passages from William Graham Sumner and other students of old folkways. Throughout the book the filing cabinet principle continues, with George Sylvester Viereck, Mr. Lasswell, Mr. Lippmann, the various muckrakers of the power trust propaganda, Simeon Strunsky, and numerous others serving to fill out the envelopes. "The Propaganda Menace" is built out of quotations.

Naturally, such a book could not fail to be, in part, stimulating. Its method is at once its virtue and its fault. It is not an original contribution except for one flash of definition-making. For his own use, Professor Lumley defines propaganda as "promotion which is veiled in one way or another as to (1) its origin or sources, (2) the interest involved, (3) the methods employed, (4) the content spread, and (5) the results accruing to the victims—any one, any two, any three, any four, or all five." The definition is certainly inclusive, and it covers the propaganda of the World War, the propaganda of the National Electric Light Association, the propaganda of the Key Men of America. But it is hardly workable in the 1933 social context.

Let us see where it fails. The French government recently decided that France was not getting an even break in the United States. So, quite openly, it voted more than a million dollars for an official propaganda service to be devoted to soliciting the good will of Americans. Lectures, moving pictures, pro-French magazine articles, Sunday night broadcasts, and official news agency dispatches are planned. The American correspondents in Paris cabled all this to American newspapers, which gave it front-page display. There was nothing veiled as to origin or sources, interests involved, or methods employed. If the content spread is veiled, and the results accruing to the victims unpredictable, it cannot be said the victims haven't had fair warning. Similarly with the German Nazi propaganda. Herr Goebbels is named Minister of Propaganda and Popular Enlightenment. The very title is a storm signal. Yet millions will probably be fooled by Goebbels and his paradoxically open dissembling. The bell rings, the dog ought to know he will get no food, yet he waters at the mouth.

Professor Lumley has not gone into the rage for publicity which is becoming the distinctive hall-mark of those in charge of seeking publicity for others. Nor has he gone into ways and means of combatting propaganda. His is a simple caution: be alert. But why should one be alert if one is in sympathy with the aims of many of our propagandists? Fortunately, there is one man who is working night and day to provide people with the means of combatting such propaganda as they desire to combat, and with the means of knowing all propaganda when they see it. He is C. K. Ogden. A reading of his edition of "Bentham's Theory of Fictions" (Harcourt, Brace) will put one in possession of the tools by which to understand propaganda. Following Bentham, Mr. Ogden urges us to cut into the structure of language, to seek for the "hidden metaphor." The will to look for the hidden metapl would result in this process: When t National Electric Light Association, example, repents of past sins and is rebo... as the Edison Electric Institute, the seeker for the hidden metaphor would say, "Edison was a benevolent scientist, working ceaselessly for the good of mankind. Several books have implied that the National Electric Light Association has not sought the good of mankind. Therefore, it takes the name of the benevolent scientist as an earnest of future good behavior. But the fact that it takes such a name may be in itself suspicious. I will, therefore, give credit for good intentions, but I will watch it closely."

BY THE COURTESY OF "JUDGE" AND EDWARD L. BERNAYS'S "CONTACT."

If one could bring Ogden and Bentham into play in one's reading of the daily papers, the artful propagandist might find it more difficult to get the hearing that suits him. Professor Lumley, in stopping short with the simple caution, "Be alert," has ended his book where a really interesting book on propaganda would begin. Caution is not enough; one must know how to be alert, and here Professor Lumley doesn't offer a great deal of help. His book, on balance, must be added to the enormous literature of sterile fact-grinding which is an American phenomenon. Our problem is not in evading all propaganda, but in knowing, philosophically, where we stand, and hence what specific propaganda to avoid.

The manuscript of Gustave Flaubert's book, "Les Trois Contes," has been sold in Paris for £360.

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"Life and Soshety"

INTIMATE MEMORIES: BACKGROUND. By MABEL DODGE LUHAN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

FROM her earliest days young Mabel Ganson seems to have suffered the malaise of the well-fed. "She had no tasks," as she elsewhere admits—if that is the word for a statement borne like a banner. For she came of a class convinced that greatness comes of not working; she was born to the provincial purple. Not to have known who the Gansons were, in Buffalo of the eighties, would have "placed"—well below the salt—anyone of an ignorance so deplorable. That ever there could grow up in New York a generation to whom the Josephs of Tuxedo and Richfield Springs would be not even a memory, would have seemed then as incredible as it must have seemed to Mrs. Asquith to find in America audiences bored by her anecdotes of notables in whom they were passionately uninterested.

But that was the world to the author of this book, preoccupied, while these "intimate memories" were gathering, in preparing to take her place in it. "I'm reading about life and Soshety," she replied at ten, when asked why she was poring over Ward McAllister's book on the "Four Hundred." Even then she thought about it in capitals. On the first page is her picture in her coming-out dress, and on the last the wind-up of her coming-out party. It was at the Twentieth Century Club in Buffalo, turned for the night into a medieval "Baronial Hall" complete with wassail with ice in it, borne by pages said to have been taken for Mrs. Ganson's foreign relatives. It sounds like one of Carol Kennicott's entertainments. But the debutante herself did not dance at this festival so long planned, so soon disappointing. She seems never to have danced with wholehearted pleasure to any of the tunes the world of her youth could play. But it was the *monde*, and though ladies who speak of "our world" may find it dull or find it hateful, the notion that outside of it anything is humanly possible seldom takes shape.

So in placing this book where it undoubtedly belongs, among the lasting documents of our social history, it must be borne in mind that these scenes from life in Buffalo, Lenox, Newport, or New York of the eighties and nineties are less records of this life than of the impression it made upon the mind of a singularly unpleasant little girl. She was also ingenious and energetic: Peck's Bad Boy never spent more thought on a game more likely to disturb the community than the sport of collecting metal door-numbers with which her crowd brightened the evening hour between supper and early-to-bed. That she had, according to the record, every reason and excuse for unpleasantness is one of the reasons why the book snaps with primitive emotions, especially with hatred between husbands and wives with nothing in the world to do but hate.

Such a marriage she watched with the cold eyes of childhood and sets down in a child's cold blood. Nothing she since has learned softens the outlines of her parents' terrible portraits. Childhood has no excuses for its elders, and this is a book in its own way as completely inside the experience of the age it describes as that forgotten masterpiece "Marie Claire." That was written by a woman able to drop back into her past and see the world as it then looked to the eyes of a convent child. This shows a lost world of home and society as it seemed to a child in her own fashion curiously, even pathetically, innocent. It would be hard to find a better illustration of this than the determination of these three girls at sixteen or so and staying in Paris, to see what supper in a *cabinet particulier* would be like. They plot this unparalleled jaunt into the impossible; they order a perfect meal in an upper room of the Café de la Paix, and when the waiter not unnaturally asks how many are expected, reply with virginal hauteur, "Dame! Vous voyez. Pour trois personnes!" And then, when the man, "brushing a smile off his lips with his fingers," has withdrawn, they spend a vibrant summer evening before the play in Paris, happily discussing the *grande vie interieure*. I pity people who cannot believe that this story is true.

The humor of the record is of events rather than in the manner of their relation. It is clear that the writer is really "serious, concentrated, and absorbed by life, by people, by all experience." Because in this book, as in her earlier "Lorenzo in Taos," it had to be largely other people's experience, the result raises to boiling point the old question how far autobiographers may go in telling secrets not their own. Young Mabel was early

MABEL DODGE LUHAN AT THE TIME OF HER DEBUT.

"inoculated with the curious morality or malady of confession," usually of the sins of others. An autobiography like this is bound to be an *apologia*. When one of these confessional urges impels her to send a teacher a note to the effect that she has called her a giraffe to the other girls, a mere outsider may decide that it was not of necessity a low, suspicious mind that saw in this a chance to plant a barb that might else have missed its aim.

Thus the reader may interpret these records of homes visited and relatives on a visit according to his own fancy, and the Freudian fancy will have plenty on which to feed. The value of the work is that it speaks out, from memories colored little even by hatred and not at all by fear. These are records mainly of active but dispassionate dislikes. And if the descendants of those whom she disliked like still less to see them in print, they may take comfort, however sorry, from George Moore's reply to those who complained when he lifted the veil on the frailties of his cousin Dan. "Because if I did not do so," said he, "I should not think of Dan at all; and what we all dread most of all is to be forgotten."

It should be a trifle disconcerting to the upper bourgeoisie to reflect that the greatness of their fame depends altogether upon the willigness of somebody to write about them.

Chinese Life

(*Continued from first page*)

of a yawning slave girl, even beauty and poetry have their more practical aspects, and there must have been much interesting and illuminating conversation which went on about the young white woman in the house of Lin, and which, if we could know it, would add vigor to the tale. One of the most fascinating things about Chinese life anywhere is that combination of beauty and squalor, of vice and virtue, of poetry and practicality, of idealism and a rather coarse humor which one finds in the homes of rich and poor alike. A great feast is served upon a carved teakwood table, and the guests are clothed in satin and fur, and underneath the table the stray dogs from the street quarrel over the bones and the droppings. Miss Waln shows us the richness of the feast, and skilfully conceals the dogs.

But I have no quarrel with her for this. All she has said is true, and it is beautifully written, and I am grateful to her and so ought all Chinese to be.

Beside the very pleasing picture of Chinese life, however, Miss Waln gives another equally interesting, and it is the story, told gracefully and modestly and yet with profound feeling, of her own marriage and home. The life of the white woman in China is one which is seldom adequately portrayed. It is an astounding life, luxurious beyond a degree known in America, lived in vast houses, managed by innumerable servants. It is no wonder that the wife of the business man in China so often views with dismay a return to her home country and to housework and everyday humdrum living. It is a peculiarly romantic life also, and this quality of romance Miss Waln has made us feel, yet always with that sedate, Quakerish touch which is quietly humorous, full of feeling, and altogether charming.

This book is assuredly a book to be read slowly and with pleasure, in order that each word may be seen to fit rightly, as each does, in its place, and in order, too, to taste the full flavor of the various qualities of life within its pages.

Pearl Buck, whose "The Good Earth" has been one of the most widely read novels of recent years, has just completed the translation of the classic novel of China. It is to be published in the near future by the John Day Company.

Masterless Literature

(*Continued from first page*)

experiment run riot, and a hurry to get anywhere so that it should be away from the nineteenth century.

The flat truth is, that as our economic system was practised with the idea of production as an end in itself, so our literature was practised with the idea of self-expression (and its corollary, observation) as an end in itself. This accounts for the difficulty in detecting a general style in American writing of the period, for a style is the fruit of a mental and spiritual discipline which makes its reference to some mode of thinking and feeling common to the race or society. There is no style which can represent confusion—as Eliot's "Waste-Land" was intended to prove. This accounts for the notable failure in this period to produce (at least in English) books which in addition to vigor and truth of observation have that integrated excellence that is unmistakable in what we call a masterpiece. That there have been minor masterpieces in these years, most of them, however, syntheses of the life of earlier generations, we should not deny, but who will claim a major masterpiece, and what is its name?

Frames of reference cannot be invented in life as one supposes they may be in mathematics, from which the term is taken. They must be lived into, led into, constructed by a process of trial and error under the governance of intellectual statesmanship. It has been done again and again in the past, crudely, imperfectly, transiently, yet done. Athens, Florence, the France of Racine, the England of Hume, the United States of Jefferson, all made frames to which some reference was made and sometimes with notable results. "Masterless erudition" has made war horrible and technology a menace when it should have been a blessing. Masterless imagination, masterless observation, and hence masterless journalism and masterless literature, are only less dangerous for art and morals and the intellect than literature and journalism controlled, as Mr. Hitler proposes to control them, by reference to a cramping frame of political and economic dictatorship.

Since the first production in Vienna of a Wagner opera in 1858—that is seventy-five years ago—no fewer than 3,074 performances of his works have been given at the Vienna Opera House, now called the State Opera House, up to about the middle of February.

"Lohengrin" has been given 601 times, "Tannhäuser" 476, "The Mastersingers" 388, "The Flying Dutchman" 368, "The Valkyrie" 277, "Tristan and Isolde" 204, "Siegfried" 195, "Götterdämmerung 179, "Rhinegold" 176, "Rienzi" 109, and "Parsifal," produced in Vienna for the first time in 1914 (when the rights of production became independent of Bayreuth3, 101.

BOOKS IN THE NEWS

THOSE who learned their liberalism at the knees of John Stuart Mill, those who would defend, with Voltaire, the right of anyone to say anything short of libel, and those who would like to see criticism (*i. e.*, "principle of growth") enshrined by the state, are very probably in for some gloomy days. With John Sumner of the Society for the Suppression of Vice rousing himself from a blessed three-year lethargy to proceed against Erskine Caldwell's "God's Little Acre," with the Hitler government trying to dictate just what American correspondents in Berlin may or may not say in books about Germany published in the United States, and with a "gag" bill hovering for passage in Senate and House, the portents multiply.

The "gag" bill may be a misnomer, but the American newspapers, honorably quick to resent any possible infringement of the "freedom of the press" guaranteed in the Bill of Rights, have not hesitated to call it such. The House of Representatives passed it with haste, by a 299 to 29 vote, after only forty minutes of discussion. As it left the House, it provided for penalties not to exceed a $10,000 fine, ten years imprisonment, or both, for publication, sale, mutilation, falsification, obliteration, or destruction of any official record, document, map, or other paper on matters prepared in an official code. As amended by the Senate, the penalties were made to apply only to Federal officials, or ex-officials. Newspapers, so it was said, were to be exempted. But it has been pointed out that under Section 332 of the Criminal Code "whoever directly commits any act constituting an offense defined in any law of the United States, or aids, abets, counsels, commands, induces, or procures its commission, is a principal."

How does this affect the book trade? According to Lemuel Parton, who specializes in the news behind the news for the New York *Sun*, the "gag" bill would strike at books like Major Herbert O. Yardley's "The American Black Chamber." Major Yardley was head of the Cryptogrammic Bureau of the State Department from 1916 to 1920. His unpublished book, tentatively called "Japanese Diplomatic Secrets," has apparently engaged the uneasy attention of the State Department. The rightness of all this is a neat point for ethical discussion, although proponents of "open covenants openly arrived at" will wonder how a people is to deal with its government if it cannot find out what its government is doing.

Meanwhile, American press correspondents in Berlin have rallied to the Bill of Rights. The Nazis have objected to Edgar Ansell Mowrer's "Germany Puts Back the Clock," published some months ago in America. Mr. Mowrer is correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*. The Foreign Press Association in Berlin refused to accept Mr. Mowrer's resignation as its president when the Nazis suggested that he step down for "reasons of health." Nevertheless, there is a possibility that Mr. Mowrer may be forced out, by Nazi pressure on eastern European correspondents who are Association members. There is more than one way to skin a cat.

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Fair Harvard

NOT TO EAT, NOT FOR LOVE. By GEORGE ANTHONY WELLER. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

HARVARD was already over two hundred years old when Herman Melville was fortunate enough to write, "A whaling ship was my Yale College and my Harvard." Harvard has long meant and must still mean, many things to many men. To not a few, it is most of all the antique quality of reduplication without amplification, the automatic reappearance of a same hatless skull-shape in Harvard Yard; Milton jaw, Groton charm, the mild, genteel bearing, the Saltonstall, Hallowell, Bigelow, Bay-state names, the well bred, seedy, Puritan youth, who, in the exact mould of father and grandfather, persists four years in the echo of immemorial action, and fades to breed sons or emerge in adequate positions in the Department of State.

Mr. George Weller's first and very brilliant novel gives us the best of Harvard, and it is to his credit as an artist and a historian that this best seems none too bright. "Not To Eat, Not For Love" is the story of an adolescent, by no means in the Beacon Street tradition, but a typical adolescent, cradled in the nostalgia of irresponsibility by every conscious means the elective system had at its disposal. He would have been much the same boy if he'd been at Yale or Princeton. The people he meets are likewise interchangeable. But the background, the physical geography, the romantic, particular atmosphere of Cambridge is the hero of this book. It is Harvard's special aura, the air that breeds "indifference," the omniscience of superficial reading, the pastiche of good manners, the intensification of an inherent gentility, lacking even the positive direction of disintegration. Yet Mr. Weller is by no means the typical product of this Harvard air. If he was, he would never have written his book.

From the unlatching of the Library doors, the sorting of mail with Harvard

GEORGE A. WELLER.

names, to the steamy locker-rooms; from the cleated mud of Soldiers Field to Spring-in-the-Yard, with lapping waves of all endearing conversations, Mr. Weller, employing treatment synthetized from modern masters, presents fully the University's hypnosis. He has been fair and inclusive. With the gusto of a good sports writer he seldom lags. The tedium of Harvard is never tiresome to him. Every small incident, from the "idiot squeal of cars turning on the tracks" to a cigarette held as one would write with it, is transmitted into a heightened, contributory excitement. And in a scene where a boy is dismissed from college, and in another with lovers on a beach, he captures the genuine passion of psychological writing, where one thinks this describes one's own experience.

"Not To Eat, Not For Love," unlike so many quasi-autobiographical novels, is never irrelevant, but healthy, ambitious, good-humored, omniverous. Its great fault is a tentative use of techniques which are borrowed more often than mastered and a lack of selection in accumulative detail, where Mr. Weller prefers to write twice as much rather than intensify his half. The people are paper compared to the Harvard which envelops them, yet his characterization of the *genus loci* is in a way static. His genuine talent for satire is not run to its athletic exhaustion. Instead, in his considered vision of Harvard he is almost worshipful. Four years of fun are four years and he only gives us one. But in the hot showers, after a good game, the protagonist admits, "This is not what I came to college for, and yet it is what I want most." And the most he can feel, when all is said and done is: "This man was once young and did battle with his body." It is the essence of Harvard, not Mr. Weller who, *in propria persona*, speaks the perennial boyish priggish boast.

What Harvard has to offer to most young men is a chance to get away from home, an opportunity to use a fine library and other excellent equipment. As for lasting friendship, creative instruction, useful direction, or any excitement below skin-surface give us whaling-ships again. After we've been around Cape Horn we'll know what we want from the Widener. Mr. Weller seems to know what he wants. One feels from now on it will be more than Harvard.

Lincoln Kirstein is a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1930. *He is the editor of* Hound and Horn, *of which he was also a founder, and has contributed articles to various magazines.*

Character Studies

HUMAN NATURE. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THIS latest in the long canon of Mrs. Wharton's books is called "Human Nature," but in spite of a spacious and all-inclusive title it is actually devoted to the presentation in five short stories of a limited and familiar Whartonian gallery of character studies. Nearly half the volume is given up to the most detailed of them, "Her Son." In it, one of those New York dowagers existing at present only in the pages of this author's fiction, seeks and apparently finds her illegitimate son, who has been brought up in Europe by foster parents. The depressing tale of her victimization by a group of adventurers is admirably told, with all of Mrs. Wharton's facile mastery and technique. The description of the rivalry between the two "mothers" is superbly ironical, and as always the author is at home in her handling of the European scene, and the expatriate character. Yet the story as a whole lacks variety and is excessively long drawn out.

The four shorter stories which make up the rest of the book are more effective, often showing glimpses of the author's old penetration into the mysteries of personality, as well as a narrative quality rare nowadays in this sort of work. "The Day of the Funeral" is sombre, "A Glimpse" an interesting study in artistic temperament, "Joy in the House" and "Diagnosis" satiric tragedies of modern married life. All are highly artificial in their choice of subject and setting, bearing the unmistakable stamp of their authorship. Mrs. Wharton has, in fact, perfected with the years an unreal but useful apparatus, into which any situation or problem can be forced for fictional purposes. The loss in vitality is great, but it is also true that an increased clarity results. Those who are willing to accept the conventions of this world in which Mrs. Wharton's characters live and move will find her stories excellent, and the more critical few who feel that she has in some ways lost contact with life since the days of "Ethan Frome" and "The House of Mirth" may at least appreciate the immense competence with which she still carries out her chosen formula.

A group of letters written to Henry S. Canby by various contemporary authors of distinction has been recently lost in New York. If they are offered for sale, the owner would be glad to be informed.

The atlas used by King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden during the Thirty Years' War has been discovered in the library at Heidelberg University. It was printed in 1607.

An Eskimo Tale

MAN OF TWO WORLDS. By AINSWORTH MORGAN. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY

MORE and more of late years, the Eskimos seem to have challenged the interest and attention of the writing world. Dirty and uncouth as these people are supposed to be, nevertheless they still seem to have an appeal for the imaginative and understanding. Not only have learned books appeared dealing with the customs and folkways of this comparatively small group of primitive people, but more astonishing still there have also been movies and novels, the scenes of which were laid in the Arctic. Of the novels, certainly few if any have been prepared for as thoroughly and conscientiously as "Man of Two Worlds." Ainsworth Morgan has dared greatly, for not only has he, a layman, ventured into territory fairly well known to a number of Arctic explorers, but he has had the courage to define the geographical location of his story

MARIE AHNIGHTO PEARY WHO WAS BORN AMONG THE CAPE YORK ESKIMOS.

in unmistakable terms. The scene is definitely laid in the Cape York district of North Greenland.

A tremendous amount of research work has gone into the writing of this book, with a resulting vividness of background and a wealth of detail which make the Eskimos seem living, breathing people instead of just characters in a story. The central figure in particular, Aigo himself, is a remarkably fine psychological study. The author makes no compromise with the reader; Aigo is presented just as he is, with his faults as well as his virtues, an entirely human creature, reacting naturally to the strange events that shape his life. He enlists sympathy from the outset until the very end, when, the delights of the white man's civilization having failed him, he finds himself equally a misfit in his former life, and walks off into the blizzard, never to return. So strongly does Mr. Morgan feel attracted to his Agio that, strangely enough, the white people in the book seem unreal and wooden beside the striking and intelligent Eskimo man.

Mr. Morgan's research has, however, on occasions played him false, chiefly because he was so careful to make clear the exact locale of the story. Eskimos may be Eskimos the world over but their customs and tabus vary with their tribes. The author has combined a great many interesting and startling facts which he has come upon in the course of his extensive reading, facts which are all quite true but not all true of the Cape York Eskimos.

To cite two examples: in the first chapter, when old Olaga crawls out of her igloo to find the entire settlement wiped out by starvation, she goes into house after house, counting the dead, and in one case she removes a boot from a corpse to replace one of hers which had been lost. Now no Cape York Eskimo could be induced by any means at all, to enter a house of death or to touch anything belonging to the dead. So deeply ingrained is this superstitious dread, that dying people are often moved out of the family igloo into one freshly built for them, as otherwise all the furs and hunting equipment, everything the family owned which was in the house where death had occurred, could no longer be used.

This is the author's first venture in fiction and he has handicapped himself with a difficult subject. Nevertheless, as a story, "Man of Two Worlds" is interesting and unusual and some of the descriptions bear unmistakable evidence of Mr. Morgan's ability as a poet.

Marie Ahnighito Peary, the "Snow Baby," who was born in the section of Greenland inhabited by the Cape York Eskimos, recently returned to that region to assist in the dedication of a memorial there to her father.

Sick Minds

LIGHT AGAIN. By BLAIR NILES. New York: Horace Liveright. 1933. $2.

THE most notable attribute of Mrs. Niles's work in the past has been her courage in attacking difficult subjects. In her new book she is again attracted by a problem outside the ordinary range of fiction—that of mental derangement. Her interest in those mentally or physically lost and incarcerated no doubt springs from a profound sympathy with the insane, who form the largest and most pathetic of such groups, but she has chosen to approach the subject in an unconventional way, seeking neither to rouse horror, to inspire pity, nor to furnish amusement. She is primarily interested in the mechanics of an insane asylum of the politer sort, and in the effect of such an institution on those not seriously deranged. Her two principal characters fall into this category, one being a young man who has had himself committed as a practical joke (which may or may not be considered a sign of madness in itself), and the other a woman who, while sane in her ordinary daily relationships with people and things, is unable to remember the details of her past life save in a trance state.

The accuracy of Mrs. Niles's case records can hardly be questioned, and indeed in many of the minor descriptions of inmates her novel reads like the notebook of a slightly wordy psychiatrist. The greatest quality of her book, though, is its avoidance of exaggeration in these scenes. The grotesque and painful side of insanity is not emphasized, but rather the possibilities of "reintegration" which many cases offer.

There is more of interest in the author's approach to her unusual subject than in her actual treatment of it. "Light Again," considered merely as a novel, is far from possessing the merits of Mrs. Niles's earlier books, since much of the writing is verbose, commonplace in expression, and does not convey the author's often excellent ideas in the simple and clear manner which is necessary in dealing with a subject seemingly in need of all possible simplicity and clarity. A certain tendency to fall back on stock situations when the plot requires a change from analysis to action also deprives the book of distinction. Mrs. Niles is evidently convinced of the importance and poignancy of what she has to say, but she has not found a satisfactory form for her message, so that in the end living and vital ideas are smothered by a dead and artificial mechanism of plot.

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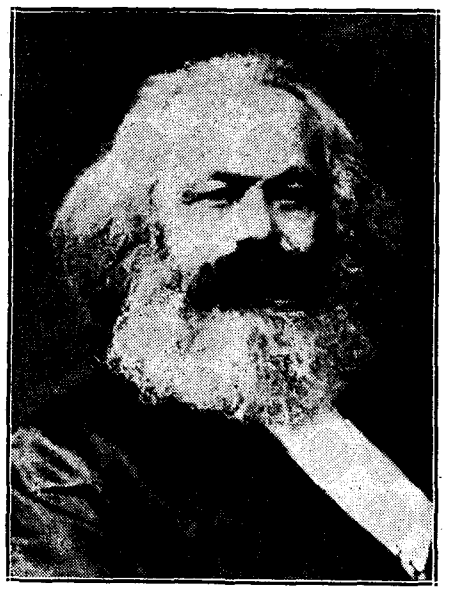
Marxism

TOWARD THE UNDERSTANDING OF KARL MARX. By SIDNEY HOOK. New York: John Day. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by FELIX MORROW

LET no unwary reader pick up this volume as an "introduction" to Karl Marx. It is an admirable statement of the fundamentals of the philosophy of Marxism, which will be best appreciated by those with a knowledge of Marxist theories or a training in sociology or philosophy. The extraordinarily compact history of Marxist doctrine which constitutes the first part; the exposition of the meaning of Marxian dialectic and of the materialistic conception of history, which are the clearest statements this reviewer has read of two very difficult doctrines; the analysis of the Marxist theory of the state, and what is meant by a class—a crucial point on which there has been almost no writing—and a luminous account of Marx's economics;



KARL MARX

such are the rich contents of Dr. Hook's work for those who come with no illusion that they are reading a primer.

But, much more important, Dr. Hook offers an interpretation of Marx's thought which, if accepted, profoundly alters many of the current statements of the philosophical implications of Marxism. A brief statement of Hook's views is almost impossible, but its outlines may perhaps be indicated.

The drift of the Socialist International, from 1895 to 1917, away from Marx's revolutionary theory, is well known. The claim, still iterated by some socialists, that they remained true to Marx, is easily disproved; competent non-Marxist commentators agree with communists that the dictatorship of the proletariat as the means of transition to classless society, and the conception of the state as necessarily always a class state, are Marx's own theories. While drifting away from Marx in political theory and tactics, the socialists, especially the German Social Democracy which as the largest and most articulate party dominated the Socialist International, continued to pay allegiance to Marxism. Edouard Bernstein, who frankly sought to revise socialist philosophy to bring it into line with reformist practice, was nearly expelled from the party. German Social Democracy, reformist in practice and Marxist in terminology, was the mediator of Marx's thought to the world; especially Karl Kautsky, the chief popularizer of Marx's doctrines.

It is Dr. Hook's significant thesis that these socialists had not only changed Marx's politics but his philosophy as well, and that Lenin and the Communist International, though they returned to and developed Marx's politics, have insufficiently broken with the Socialist International on the nature of Marxism as a philosophy. The organic unity of theory and practice which is central to Marx, had been broken by the reformist practice of the socialists. The ensuing theoretical works of Kautsky, Hilferding, and others subtly compensated for this break by transforming Marxism into a heroic theodicy which lent significance to the prosy politics of socialism. The socialists abandoned the central doctrine of dialectical materialism in which knowledge, consciousness, human activity, modified and aroused by objective conditions, change those conditions and themselves in the process. Instead the socialists interpreted the philosophy of Marxism as a monist mechanical materialism, in which human thought and action become mere by-products, not merely derivative, but somehow not as real as "materialistic" objects. The socialists had, indeed, returned to the earlier view of the French materialists which Marx himself excoriated because "it separates society into two parts of which one [environment] is elevated over the whole." Thus the socialists abandoned Marx's conception of society as an interacting whole of thought and thing, objective and subjective conditions, activity and its object. From this ensued their conception of the mechanical inevitability of classless society, their confusion between physical and social science; economics was conceived of as a hypothetico-deductive system; the class struggle became an automatic reflex of economic change, and the importance of consciousness and a revolutionary party in creating and directing the struggle was ignored. It may be said that since the socialists were doing nothing to bring about the revolution, their theoreticians sought to win the revolution on paper. The result was to change Marxism from an activistic theory of revolution into a system of social mechanics.

Although the Communist International pursues an activistic theory of revolution, it has not broken completely with the mechanical philosophy of the Socialist "Marxists." Like them the communists speak of Marxism as an objective science, instead of a realistic method of understanding and making history. Lenin's reductive materialism in his "Materialism and Empirio-Criticism" (so different from his insistence on consciousness in "What Is To Be Done"); Bukharin's gross confusion of the technological interpretation of history with Marx's theory of the role of property relations; Pokrovsky's monistic conception of history, with its dogmatic ruling out of chance and great men: these are examples of the fact that communist theory has not yet freed itself from the socialists' interpretation of Marx.

Dr. Hook's thesis is a challenge to communist thinkers to go back to the philosophical heritage of Marx. The works in which Marx and Engels settled accounts with their philosophical contemporaries have played little part in current statements of the philosophy of Marxism, partly because they are written in the peculiar Hegelian terminology of the 1840's. One of the most important, "Die Deutsche Ideologie," remained largely in manuscript until 1927. Yet there is scarcely a contemporary philosophical or cultural problem but was fruitfully treated in the spirited controversies of the left-Hegelians. The chapters of Dr. Hook's next volume, treating in detail of Marx's philosophical history, which have been appearing in periodicals, convey an exhilarating sense of the contemporaneity of the revolutionary generation of Germany.

If Dr. Hook's work is a challenge to communist theoreticians to square their theory with their actual revolutionary practice, it is even more of a challenge to non-Marxist thinkers. Most hostile criticism of Marx has been on philosophical and economic questions which have been criticism, when competent, not of Marx but of such followers of whom Marx himself said: "Je ne suis pas un Marxiste." Dr. Hook's work does away with such criticisms and brings the non-Marxist face to face with the fundamental issues which none can ignore and to which no effective answers have been made.

How Prices Work

PRICES. By GEORGE E. WARREN and FRANK A. PEARSON. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1933. $3.90.

Reviewed by FABIAN FRANKLIN

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in his inaugural address, gave his view of the cause of the great depression in these words:

> Plenty is at our doorstep, but a generous use of it languishes in the very sight of the supply.
>
> Primarily this is because the rulers of the exchange of mankind's goods have failed through their own stubbornness and their own incompetence, have admitted their failure and have abdicated. Practices of the unscrupulous money changers stand indicted in the court of public opinion, rejected by the minds and hearts of men.

How far the depression is from being "primarily"—or, indeed, at all—the result of the moral and intellectual shortcomings of the "money changers," in the opinion of Professors Warren and Pearson, may be judged from this passage in their book:

> The present depression is not an act of God for the purification of men's souls. It is not a business cycle.
>
> It is not due to extravagant living. It is not due to unsound business practices. It is not due to overproduction. It it not due to too great efficiency. It is not due to lack of confidence, but it is the cause of lack of confidence.
>
> It is due to high demand for gold following a period of low demand for gold.
>
> It teaches the devastating effect of deflation, but teaches no other lesson that is good for society.

No contrast could be more profound than that between these two views; nor is there much room for doubt as to which of them is the nearer to the truth. The authors of "Prices" do, in the judgment of the present reviewer, assign to the automatic lowering of the price-level a too exclusive role in the causation of the stupendous economic collapse which set in three and a half years ago; but it is impossible to deny to that cause a primary agency of cardinal importance. And no service that this book on "Prices" will render is more important than its constant and effective insistence on the influence of defects in the monetary standard upon the working of our economic organization. In comparison with the part played by price disturbances automatically arising under our monetary system, the role of the unscrupulous and incompetent "money changers"—mischievous though it has been—must be set down as a minor factor.

That falling prices must have a depressing effect upon business enterprise has been matter of familiar knowledge since the time of David Hume; what has not been sufficiently realized is the depth and sweep of the disaster that may ensue. If our authors err in ignoring other factors—factors of a more psychological character, but none the less substantial and powerful—in the causation of this unparalleled economic collapse, the error does not greatly impair the value of their teaching. For, though price vicissitudes are not the exclusive cause, they are certainly a major cause of our trouble; and what Professors Warren and Pearson are chiefly anxious to urge—so far as public policy is concerned—is that something should be done to keep those vicissitudes in check.

What that something should be, they do not seem sufficiently confident to declare; emphatic as they are in setting forth their opinion on almost every point of monetary discussion, they seem to draw the line just short of declaring explicitly for any specific course of action. For example, they set forth with much emphasis the argument for the "compensated dollar," and give effective answers to various objections that have been raised against it; they say that "if such a dollar were adopted, any desired price level could be set and could thereafter be maintained at a substantially stable level"; but they do not expressly advocate its adoption. But one may be cautious about expressly endorsing any specific method of dealing with the money problem and yet feel certain that the problem is not beyond the reach of solution by the collective wisdom of mankind; and this is evidently the attitude of the authors of "Prices." It is to be hoped that their book will contribute something toward the building up of a sentiment in favor of a real grappling with the basic questions of money at the approaching international economic and monetary conference.

The book, however, is by no means devoted solely to the discussion of controversial matters or of questions relating to the depression. It fully justifies its comprehensive title; for it is a mine of information and instruction on the general subject of prices. Its abundant tables and graphs will be found eminently useful by the general reader and extremely convenient by persons specially interested in the subject. It presupposes no knowledge of economic theory, but supplies, in simple and readable form, so much of the essentials of theory as is necessary for an understanding of the discussion and of the tabular matter. In the avoidance of complexity there occur occasional, but rare, instances of over-simplification. There is pungent criticism of some prevalent notions, particularly on the subject of inflation; and there is much shrewd—though perhaps over confident—forecasting of the future of prices and of business. A textbook without pedantry, and a statistical manual without dryness, the book, though not wholly free from faults, may be cordially recommended to students as well as to the general public.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

NOT TO EAT, NOT FOR LOVE. By GEORGE A. WELLER. *Smith & Haas.*
A complete portrait of Harvard, as seen through the eyes of an undergraduate, presented in fictional form.

THE HOUSE OF EXILE. By NORA WALN. *Little, Brown.*
The autobiographical record of an American woman whose life for many years was lived in China.

TOWARD THE UNDERSTANDING OF KARL MARX. By SIDNEY HOOK. *Day.*
A statement of the fundamentals of Marxian philosophy.

This Less Recent Book:

GROVER CLEVELAND. By ALLAN NEVINS. *Dodd, Mead.*
A biography that is at the same time a history of its period .

A corespondent of the London *Observer* writes that "a parliametary museum consisting of twenty roon has been opened in the Parliament building in Budapest. The collection consists of manuscripts, documents, codexes, etchings, portraits, statues, and relics dating from the time when the Magyars first entered Hungary down to the present day.

"Among the exhibits are a copy of the 'golden bull' (so named because of the seal attached to it), in which King Endre II., of the house of Arpád, laid down the rights of the Hungarian nobility in 1222, and a graphicon which records the places in which the Hungarians held Parliamentary gatherings from 1000 to 1526.

Another case contains Napoleon's proclamation to the Hungarians in French, Latin, and Hungarian, from Vienna, in May, 1809, when Napoleon was at his zenith, and in which he urges the Magyars to regain their independence, as the Emperor of Austria had broken the peace made with him. Upon this appeal the Hungarian nobility attempted a rising, which was the last of its kind before the Freedom War of '48.

"Among the relics of Kossuth, the most beloved of all Hungarian patriots, is the black velvet tunic he wore when dethroning the Habsburgs in the Debrecen Parliament, and the riding-whip which he stuck in the ground to indicate the place where the crown of Hungary had been buried.

"A letetr from Mazzini to Kossuth, written in 1851, and advocating the Italian-Hungarian brotherhood, may also be seen. Statues of Kossuth and Széchenyi (one of the greatest of Hungarians), cast from guns of the Freedom War, are also in the museum."

"Arnold" is to be the name of a new telephone exchange in London. Others already opened are "Byron" and "Wordsworth."

Napoleon's library, which once belonged to the Habsburg family, has been sold at Vienna. The purchaser, M. Jaffé, is said to be presenting it to the French nation.

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A MISCELLANY OF NEW BOOKS

Around the Horn Again

GRAIN RACE. By ALAN VILLIERS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ALFRED F. LOOMIS

SUMMARILY synopsized, this is the story of the purchase by Captain Reuben de Cloux and the seaman-writer Alan Villiers of the four-masted barque *Parma*, and of her winning passage in the annual grain race from Australia to England, including her nearly disastrous broaching-to south of Fifty. It is the third illumination in the twilight of the windships to come from the able pen of a man who loves the sea and deplores its abandonment to the murky trafficking of steam. It is a worthy successor to, but by no means the equal of, the author's first book, "Falmouth for Orders," which stands as one of the classics of seafaring literature.

In "Grain Race" we have again the thrill of deepwater sailing and in addition we meet in the person of Captain de Cloux a bold master mariner who supremely knows his ship and who does not hesitate to put her to the test—whether that test be in threading narrow waterways or in giving her every inch of canvas the winds allow. He does not command a clipper with her forecastle full of able-bodied seamen, but a heavy ex-nitrate-carrier, undermanned with boys in their teens. Yet he drives her and he coaxes her, and it is only by protracted stretches of calm that he is prevented from making the passage around from Port Broughton to Falmouth in less than hundred days. It takes him three days more than that, but the time is short enough to win the race.

Villiers, second mate now, and part owner of the *Parma*, takes his wife along, and she fits into the life at sea and likes it. He continues to love it, and his enthusiasm, together with the modesty of his attractive personality, shines through his pages. Yet interspersed with the many pages of dramatic action one finds too many facts inserted for the sake of the record, too much of the minutiæ of the boring days of calm, too often a growing tendency to linger along the precious paths of literature which are marked with four periods in a row.

And mono-sentential paragraphs. . . .

This is too bad. The author is now bound out again from Australia in the *Parma*, and whether he follows his old road around the Horn or goes westabout around Good Hope he will find a good story in the inevitable excitements of the passage. One hopes that he will omit such records of other, not quite relevant, voyages as occasionally dull the interest of "Grain Race," and will write the new story in the old forthright, journalistic English of "Falmouth for Orders."

Animal Training

THE BIG CAGE. By CLYDE BEATTY with EDWARD ANTHONY. New York: The Century Co. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND L. DITMARS

THERE have been a number of circus books, but I know of none quite like this in which the author relates his experiences in training groups of lions and tigers. The novel thing about this volume, for one of its type, is its continuity. It is in the form of a long and thrilling story. Most circus books are simply collections of experiences, with rather jumbled subjects, and ostensibly seek to pack a procession of miscellaneous thrills. Some of these books are inclined to be maudlin, through many parts, in reviewing animal "friendships," which, in many instances, arouse skeptical thought.

I have made considerable study of the larger circus menageries, both in Europe and the United States, and can remember the time when a trainer entering the cage of half a dozen lions was heralded as performing a very brave act. Then, in later years, there was broad acclaim of Captain Jack Bonavita, going into a barred arena with twenty lions, and after much manœuvering, managing to form some semblance of order, to the tremendous thrill of big audiences. Captain Bonavita was a brave trainer. It was a remarkable act—but he paid for it with his life, when his fearless stand finally failed to bluff one of his troupe of lions.

Now, however, in "The Big Cage," is Beatty's description of how he enters a barred arena containing forty of the big cats, both lions and tigers — creatures which would ordinarily engage in tremendous battle. How this is done, how his animals demonstrate remarkably well-disciplined deportment, and the accomplishment of all this without measures alleged in old-fashioned stories of cruelty in training animals, is brought out in his chronicle. The narrative is one of extreme ingenuity and patience, knowledge of animals—and bravery. And the latter quality is of all importance; it must be of a nature to stand battering shocks.

Raymond L. Ditmars is curator of the department of mammals and reptiles of the New York Zoölogical Park. He is the author of "Strange Animals I Have Known."

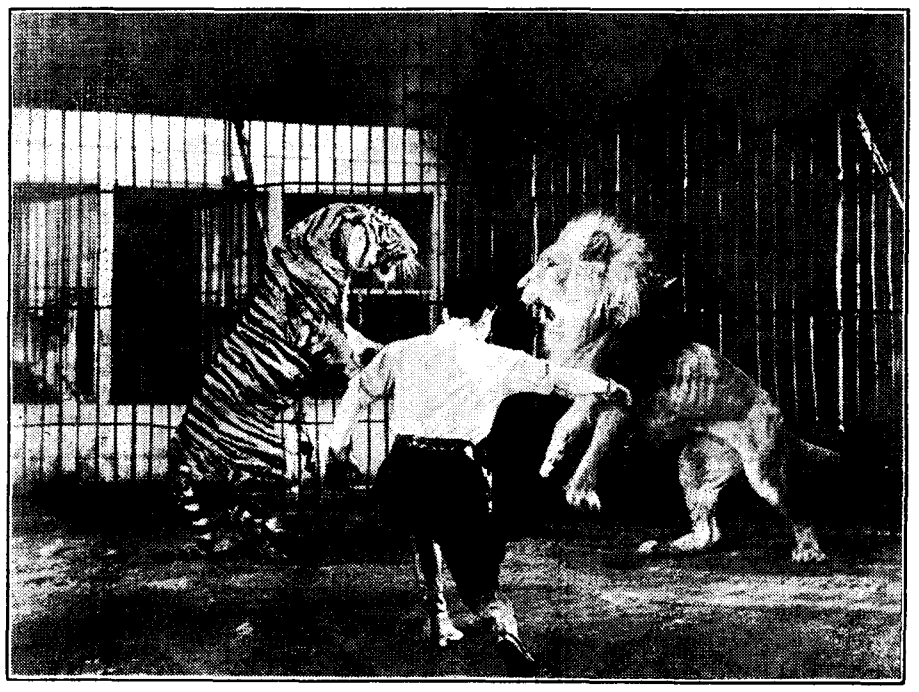
A Parisian Novel

SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULDN'T. By HELENE ELIAT. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $2.

MR. BERNARD MIALL'S translation of this very Parisian novel by a young German author can be recommended for a good many things, but perhaps most of all for the extremely accurate picture it presents of the internationalized business life of the French capital. Although far more is heard about the tourist's Paris, and a certain amount about the far from important American colony nowadays, the vastly more interesting class of mixed origins which controls and directs nine-tenths of the city's actual activities has been neglected by most writers of fiction. Mme. Nemirovsky's "David Golder" and M. Maurois's "Cercle de Famille" have hardly done more than point the way to a rich new field, as rich in its way as American business life.

Fräulein Eliat has gone beneath the apparently Gallic surface of things to show in her character study of Susanne Christolais, the young German wife of a picturesque but not wholly reputable Austrian broker, how far from the pre-war standard of nationalism Paris has gone. The principal business of her book is not concerned with this, but the fact that her heroine's life depends so completely on her husband's operations and friends gives her story its particular color and value. These friends have one ability in common: all, though foreigners, are at home in Paris, since it means business and little else to them.

The far from conventional struggle between her inclinations and her environment is set forth with wit and characteristic insight by the author. The fact that Susanne is not always vital or sufficiently real to fascinate the reader as she does her admirers is not entirely due to the author's superficial and deliberately inconclusive manner, since the whole of her heroine's nature predestines her to just such a shallow experience as she encounters. The figure of her husband, by contrast, bulks large and Teutonic in the background. Fräulein Eliat evidently knows both types well and is able to fill in with unmistakable tact the outline of their existences. Her book is both well done and novel in its choice of material.



CLYDE BETTY AND HIS BIG CATS.

A Novel of the Soil

SAUNDERS OAK. By ROBERT RAYNOLDS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1933. $2.50.

MR. RAYNOLDS, the author of "Brothers in the West," has turned to New England in his second novel. Like his earlier book, "Saunders Oak" shows a remarkable feeling for nature and country life, and a romantic interest in the creation of characters capable of struggling with the difficulties of this life. Aside from this quality there is little in the three principal figures in his new book to bind them together. His hero, Ed Saunders, is a man of middle age, returning to his native soil after years spent far afield. His calm sincerity causes the far younger Edith Gaines, daughter of an old sweetheart, to fall in love with him. This situation is further complicated by the arrival from the city of Ed's former companion Opal, with their child.

The possibilities of so tautly constructed a triangle are numerous, but Mr. Raynolds has chosen to build up a melodramatic climax in which madness, robbery, and final renunciation all play their parts. In the main his characters are believable, though the heroine who writes rather pale verses in each crisis of her life is a trifle too wide-eyed, surely, for Connecticut in this cinema and motor ridden age. Yet the narrative as a whole is consistent, possessing an interior energy of its own which carries the reader on even when he is not particularly moved by the people of whom it treats.

Besides interlarding his text with samples of Edith's ineffable poems, Mr. Raynolds has chosen to launch forth at intervals upon discussions in the abstract of morality, sin, love, and other things dangerous to the structure of a well-ordered novel. It is not, perhaps, his fault that these deeper moments assume, in connection with his story, something of the aspect of lumps in an otherwise perfectly cooked porridge. His talent is so obviously one of considerable importance, and his skill as a creator of dramatic situations already so highly developed, that one can only regret such philosophical immaturity. The many good things in "Saunders Oak" do not entirely atone for this failure to see that the book as a whole is impaired by this extraneous matter.

The Werewolf of Paris

THE WEREWOLF OF PARIS. By GUY ENDORE. Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM C. WEBER

THE loup-garou legend is as old as time, and just as terrifying today as when it circulated around the campfires of Neanderthal man. Given this gorgeously gory old-wives' tale in a satisfactory setting the seeker after thrills may anticipate a lovely experience. And Mr. Endore has dressed up lycanthropy in devilish attractive style. There is a faintly decadent modern opening in which the narrator discovers the manuscript containing the story of Sergeant Bertrand: then a short medieval interlude in one of the gloomy vales of southern France where, like the Transylvania of Mr. Stoker, almost anything can happen. With that over, and the wolf waiting off stage to gnash his teeth, the scene shifts to Paris in 1850 and, with a few bucolic asides, stays in Paris until the end, which comes shortly after the terrific times of the Paris Commune, when the victorious Germans sat in the fortress ring around the city and watched the Communards and Versailleists mangle each other. Sergeant Bertrand, the werewolf, is a Communard and, one might say, senior mangler. The part of the book dealing with the Commune is by far the most interesting—a real contribution to fiction. "The Werewolf" as a whole is an unsurpassed calendar of horrors, lycanthropical, pathological, sexual, and psychological. Mr. Endore's quasi-scientific, with footnotes, treatment of the affair comes off beautifully. But, my, oh my, it's not for tender stomachs.

Undergraduate Life

DESIRABLE YOUNG MEN. By PAUL CARLETON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1933. $2.50.

THIS book, a first novel and a story of undergraduate life in England, is a great deal better than it sounds. Its worst fault is the title, with its fairly clear hint of homosexuality; this is both falsely sentimental and inappropriate, for though the theme of the book is a friendship whose deep psychic roots are probably homosexual, we are told in so many words that it is not overtly so; the title seems to have been chosen with the unworthy hope of giving the book a slight *succès de scandale*. Its other faults are many, but they are only the faults of immaturity, and they are outweighed by its merits.

The hero, Fulk Pearson, is what we should call a graduate student at Cambridge, working for his Ph.D., and in his spare time throwing off a thesis on the French decadents which is to astonish the University. He is one of those Luciferian figures dear to the very young. Indeed he is such a Universal Crichton as to recall irresistibly that character who makes burlesque sublime, the Duke of Dorset in "Zuleika Dobson." Fulk, who has never yet encountered a difficulty worthy of his abilities or a pleasure that could hold his enjoyment, amuses himself by taking up a pleasant, good-looking, commonplace freshman, Jasper Brownlowe, and remaking him. The friendship, which has the terrible intimacy of the creator and the creature, is too unequal to endure; matters come to a quarrel, and Fulk tries to throw away his toy, only to find that Jasper has grown more a part of him than he had known, and that he is accomplishing his own tragedy.

The reader will see from this that the book has the faults of a very youthful romanticism in its conception, and in its execution it has still more; there is a display of erudition and sophistication that is a little insistent. But the book has also the great virtue of romanticism (when that romanticism is first-hand and not imitation), an intense vitality, the explosive vitality of the Gothic and the baroque. Every emotion in this book is deeply felt, every scene vividly imagined; and by its sheer vigor it commands sympathy during the reading even for its excesses. More than this, underlying the superficial Byronism, is a genuine psychological insight.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

J. F. W., New Haven, Conn., asks if there have been books on foreign colonies in New York, or perhaps fiction about them, later than Konrad Bercovici's "Around the World in New York" and William H. Irwin's "High Lights of Manhattan."

A LIST of guidebooks to the city lately furnished to another client of this column contained a number of books in which foreign colonies figured, though largely as amusement centers for tourists. Bercovici's "Manhattan Side-Show" (Century) is slighter than his earlier book on the city; Paul Morand's brilliant sketches of a metropolis "cheerful and terrible" give his "New York" (Holt) his exotic quality of a foreigner's vision, and Ford Madox Ford, in "New York is not America" (Boni) sustains this thesis with shrewd humor.

In the city's fiction the foreign quarters have come off uncommonly well, ranging back to the days of Janvier's "Casa Napoleon" and other works remembered in Arthur Maurice's "New York of the Novelists," of other days commemorated by Parry's new history of Bohemianism, "Garrets and Pretenders" (Covici) —a book, by the way, over which any New Yorker who gets about among the intelligentsia will have plenty of material for chuckling, though a middle-aged one will have the most. In this season's fiction Albert Halper has the best opportunity and uses it to the best advantage in "Union Square" (Viking), a book of immediate and permanent value.

Far back as a native-born New Yorker now living can remember, Union Square has had a foreign flavor. There was once an artistic—what we used to call a Bohemian—air about it. When I was twenty and spending my Saturdays in wedding shopping, I used to lunch with my mother at Lantelme's, a basement restaurant on Union Square where for fifty cents you had a luncheon presumably French, with a half-bottle of the naive red wine of romance. It seemed a foretaste of that Europe into which I was marying—a world that was to be all different and ringing with music. Acorss the square was Schuberth's music-store, in which back room you might come upon De Pachman at the piano, proving to himself and anyone there to listen that "I vos born to play ze Mazurkas of Chopin" There was a violin shop to which one might safely confide an ailing Stradivarius, and around the corner, melodious Lüchow's. Even before this Emma Goldman—as I learned afterward from "My Life"—was being pushed off soap boxes by guardians of the Square's precarious peace, but Communists had not yet given the name its present connotation. "This is Columbia University," cried a harassed athlete at last Spring's protest meeting against the suspension of a collegian who had written —among other things—against the team, "this ain't Union Square." But there was one who followed who said that our forefathers who fought for free speech might perhaps feel more at home in Union Square today.

It is as the converging point of many foreign streams that Mr. Halper treats this turbulent space. The novel's action is in these streets, in the lives of individuals rather than types, kept for the most part separate from one another except as they braid into the book's pattern, so that their number neither crowds nor clogs it. It seems to me to be, on its own restricted ground, the best contemporary New York novel we have.

Of recent fiction Bercovici's "Against the Sky" (Covici-Friede) comes nearest to being about a foreign colony, for it deals with gypsies, those scornful strangers camping highhandedly in vacant stores and cellars of the city. Felix Riesenberg's "Passing Strangers" (Harcourt, Brace) takes in more ground and more different types than any New York novel of recent years, rushing the city through the fantastic period just before and after 1929. Edward Dahlberg's "From Flushing to Calvary" (Harcourt, Brace) is all inside—inside the minds of people making livings more or less unsavory over beyond Brooklyn; it has a dour, repellant promise. The first novel of Countee Cullen the poet, "One Way to Heaven" (Harper) moves among colored sophisticates in Harlem. New York novels would be less monotonous if they did not keep so closely to the narrow circle of the sophisticated or of those wishing to be so. Larry Barretto's "Children of Pleasure" (Farrar & Rinehart), Charles Beahan's "Night for a Lady" (Smith & Haas), Clare Brokaw's "Stuffed Shirts" (Liveright), Helen Bishop's "Bitter and Gay" (Cape), Lloyd Morris's "This Circle of Flesh" (Harper), Nancy Hale's "The Young Die Good" (Scribner), Bruz Fletcher's "Beginning with Laughter" (King), Max Ewing's "Going Somewhere" (Knopf), Faith Baldwin's "Self Made Woman" (Farrar & Rinehart), Abraham Bernstein's taximan's world in "Fifteen and Five" (Liveright)—these are all recent New York novels with claims to accuracy in the presentation of their subjects. From a collective perusal of these bright and brittle pages, about all a brooding spirit would gather is that one speakeasy is very like another, that a cocktail party is intensive but limited, and that there are reasons for wonder why anyone should want to break into high society. It is a matter of question, as it was to Sam Weller's charity boy at the end of the alphabet, whether it was worth going through so much to learn so little.

What I would like to see, in and around and through novels of New York, is the appearance of the city through the eyes of someone who likes to look at it. We know Bond Street and Bayswater, Hyde Park Corner and the Strand, long before we cross the ocean, because most London novelists have the topographic sense and urge; they "place" their people. This is especially true of detective stories. When a sleuth starts for the suburbs from Scotland Yard, you know what bus he takes. Does everyone in our local fiction ride always in taxies that carlines so seldom figure? I have been told over and again that this locating of the action is one of the reasons for the notorious preference of patriotic Americans for British detective stories. "The Duke of York's Steps" is a fine example of this practice; Henry Wade's new one, "The Hanging Captain" (Harcourt, Brace)—which with Freeman Wills Crofts's new "The Strange Case of Dr. Earle" (Dodd, Mead) shares topmost place on my present list of favorite detective stories—has this convincing treatment of place, though both these novels are in country places.

We do not so often put our fictional crimes where readers can find them. Even S. S. Van Dine, who makes his houses so real, leaves no such sense of having been in or through a New York street or section, save in the grisly use of Riverside Park in "The Bishop Murder Case." If Christopher Morley ever takes a flutter at a mystery story—and I wish he would —I hope he puts it in the section in and around Morningside, upper and lower, that he takes in the precise appropriate spirit in "Human Being" (Doubleday, Doran). Meanwhile, a recent detective story, "Hell Gate Tides," by Lee Thayer (Sears), uses to admirable advantage the sinister fascination of the East River as it swirls past the upper Eighties. The scene is an apartment-house on the edge of the river and the blinking lights, lapping waves and riverside landings give a quality that makes the story remembered.

F. J. R., New York, asks for a "clear, complete book on the writing of poetry, which explains all the verse forms." "Discovering Poetry," by Elizabeth Drew (Norton), is a guide to appreciation and an incentive to production; its appeal is direct and its approach through human experience. At the back is a brief chapter on prosody that tells all a writer or reader of verse needs to know about the verse forms; the rest is devoted to "What Poetry Does," the qualities necessary to the reader, communication *versus* expression, form, imagery and continuity, and words. It is especially good as a bridge between old and new verse methods and ideals.

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Points of View

The Portraits of Johnson

Sir: Boswell was not entirely indifferent to "the extraordinary zeal of the artists to extend and perpetuate Johnson's image," but he was more interested in the engravings of the portraits than in the paintings themselves. He contented himself with recording that there were "several pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, from one of which, in the possession of the Duke of Dorset, Mr. Humphry executed a beautiful miniature in enamel; one by Mrs. Frances Reynolds, Sir Joshua's sister; one by Mr. Zoffani; and one by Mr. Opie." This meagre and imperfect enumeration was supplemented by Croker in 1831 and by Alexander Napier in 1884. The time has come for a new record and this I have attempted to compile; it will be printed in the fourth volume of the revised Birkbeck Hill, which is now in the Press. The number of paintings, whether originals, replicas, or studies, is not small, but I have succeeded in tracing most of them; many thanks to the courtesy of their owners or custodians, I have actually seen. Some, however, evade my search and it is in order to discover them that I crave the hospitality of your columns. These are:

1. The replica of Sir Joshua Reynold's famous Knole portrait given by Sir Joshua himself to Lucy Porter, Johnson's stepdaughter. Miss Porter bequeathed it, with most of her property to the Rev. S. Battersby Pearson, at whose sale it was bought by the Marquis of Stafford, later the first Duke of Sutherland. It was sold by the present Duke in or about 1920.

2. The painting by Opie formerly owned by Dr. Horne, president of Magdalen College, and Bishop of Norwich. It was inherited by Dr. Horne's daughter, Sarah, who married the Rev. H. A. Hole; their great-granddaughter parted with it in 1928, when it was bought at Christie's by a firm of art dealers. I understand that it is now in America. From the photograph, which has courteously been sent to me, it is clearly a superb picture.

3. The miniature by Ozias Humphry mentioned by Boswell (see above). There is an etching by Mrs. D. Turner.

4. The anonymous miniature stated by Dr. Harwood, the historian of Lichfield, who owned it, to represent Johnson in his twenty-eighth year. Croker engraved it for his first edition of Boswell, published in 1831.

5. The Zoffany painting. This picture has never been definitely identified. It is indeed, uncertain whether Zoffany painted Johnson at all. Apart from Boswell's record there is, however, the following piece of evidence, which I owe to Mr. W. T. Whitley, from the *Morning Herald*, a newspaper to be trusted in matters relating to the arts. In its issue for January 6, 1783, there is this paragraph:

> Mr. Zoffani, the celebrated painter, within these few days, paid a compliment to merit, which will greatly redound to his honor. He sent a card to Dr. Johnson, informing him, that he was about to leave the kingdom, but could not depart without having the pleasure to take the portrait of a man, whom all admired and esteemed; he hoped, therefore, the Doctor would please to sit for his picture, that he might have the honor to present it to him, when finished. The Doctor was much pleased with the attention and respect paid him by Zoffani, and has already sat twice to him.

Confirmatory evidence of a meeting between the two men comes from Johnson himself. In the notebook, so generously placed at my disposal by Miss E. H. Dowden of Edinburgh, which I have found very useful on other occasions, Johnson entered under date of December 31, 1782, the single word "Zaffanie," which means that Zoffany called on him that day. (I take the misspelling of the name to indicate that Johnson had not met the artist before.) Zoffany sailed for India on January 17, 1783, and did not return till 1790. The portrait therefore would be that of an old man. Dr. Birkbeck Hill thought he had found it. He visited Dunvegan Castle, the home of the Macleods of Macleod, in June 1889, when he was shown everything of interest by Miss Mcleod. He writes (1890): "In the present diningroom a small portrait of Johnson, ascribed to Reynolds, but, as I was told, by Zoffany, hangs in a place of honor." His informant was apparently either Miss Mcleod or another member of the family, and the statement, which he repeated in his edition of Johnson's Letters in 1892, remained uncorrected until 1920, when Sir Norman Mcleod of Macleod informed Mr. Whitley that the picture was by Reynolds. Sir Norman described it as a small picture, 12 x 9, and identified it with the well-known portrait in the Tate Gallery. I find it difficult to explain Dr. Hill's failure to make the same identification, which is all the more remarkable as he had already reproduced this portrait in his edition of Boswell (1888).

L. F. POWELL.
288 Woodstock Road, Oxford, England.

Margaret Irwin's historical novel, "Royal Flush," has been dramatized by Edward Knoblock, and will probably be staged in London soon after Easter.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER MUST ADVERTISE *Dorothy L. Sayers* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	Suspicious demise of British adman gives Lord Peter Wimsey, *incog*, job in London agency with thrilling and hilarious results.	Fall down stairs did *not* kill copywriter, discovers Lord Peter, which discovery leads to break-up of dope-ring.	Fine
MURDER AND THE RED-HAIRED GIRL *Hearnden Balfour* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Mistaken identity links Cornishman with criminal mob and murder of irascible baronet, but reformed "Raffles" and clever girl save him.	For those who close brains to anything approaching reality in detective fiction. Characters charming and tale has loads of zip.	Good
MURDER ON SHADOW ISLAND *Garnett Weston* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Death of artist on Canadian islet starts carnival of crime in which almost everybody perishes, except amateur sleuth and police.	Steeped in gore, filled with maniacal laughter, flitting figures, potential criminals, several false touches, and love-blooming amid cadavers.	Whee—ee!
THE MERIWETHER MYSTERY *Kay Cleaver Strahan* (Crime Club: $2)	Crooner shot in Oregon boarding house among amateur astrologists. Lynn MacDonald, lady crime analyst, assembles the pieces.	The story begins in the middle, frequently interrupts itself, obscuring valuable clues and excellent characterizations.	Entertaining
THE FIGURE EIGHT *Cecil Waye* (Kinsey: $2.)	Murderous Central-American conspirators in London run afoul of "Yard" and clever private investigator.	Mysterious aboriginal poisons with pat antidotes give your judge pain in neck. Outside that a swift and engaging yarn.	Fair
THE BIRD CAGE *Eimar O'Duffy* (Kinsey: $2.)	Corpse, with battered head, in British hotel room brings local police and "Investigations Ltd." to scene.	Many-threaded plot tends to get out of hand. Opening gambit is old one. More action than detection—and too much author.	Fair

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WHAT sort of books a book collector collects is determined by sundry considerations, but chief of these must be the intimate desirability to the collector of the collected books. Lacking this impulse, his whole effort becomes pointless and void, a mere bootless attempt to keep up with the Joneses—the Herschel V. Joneses and the Huntingtons and the Brinleys and the Wakemans and the Quinns and the Newtons.

But the desirability of the collected book is only the *primum mobile* of the enterprise. There is the problem of the availability of the desired books—are there copies to be had for love or money, and if for money, how much?

The collector must want the books, he must be able to afford them, and—Point Three—he must be able to house them. For of equal importance with desirability and possessibility is mass — the sheer physical bulk of the material which is the concretion of the will to own. The collector who inhabits a shallow hall bedroom need not on that account be deterred from sheltering all the essential items in a set of the first editions of Emily Dickinson, but a denizen of a Newport villa would think at least twice, however strong the urge, before he began assembling files of Colonial newspapers. There would doubtless be more collectors of books and pamphlets relating to the Civil War if that struggle had not produced (and been produced by) so vast a cataract of printed material. And what is true of the Civil War is true in far more impressive degree of the World War, even if one reduce the gross tonnage of its typography to a mere fraction of what it might be by limiting one's activities to the American participation.

World War material will one day be eagerly sought by the collector—indeed, when one considers such a remarkable collection as the Hoover War Library at Stanford University one has definite assurance that from an institutional point of view at least that day is already here. The individual collector, assuming that he does not have a storage warehouse or an unfrocked distillery at his disposal, will for his own convenience limit himself to some special phase of the business—American fiction with a war background, soldier-produced verse, soldier-edited periodicals, sheet music, Y. M. C. A.-ana, the various issues of the Treaty of Versailles, the personal narratives of privates and/or generals, the pro and con of specific controversies (as the taking of Montfaucon and Grand-Pré), espionage and counter-espionage, the activities of the various technical arms, the art of camouflage by land or sea, histories of combat organizations.

Each of these pursuits, or of a hundred others that might be named, has its romance and its fascinations. The assembler of organization histories, for example, may seek during diligent years before he acquires copies of such casual productions as "102nd [Ammunition Train] Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow" (Laval, L. Barnéoud et Cie.); "History of the 311th Infantry," published at Flavigny-sur-Ozérain (Côte-d'Or) with the imprint of J. Delorme of Dijon; "History of the Fifth Division," printed at Luxembourg by Joseph Origer; "The Story of the Sixteenth Infantry in France" and the chronicle of its brigade mate, "The Twenty-sixth Infantry in France," both with the imprint of Martin Flock, Montabaur-Frankfurt o. M.; "Commendations of Second Division American Expeditionary Forces, France 1917-1919 Germany," published at Cologne, by whom is not specified in the pamphlet; "The Second Division [:] Syllabi of the Histories of Regiments and Separate Organizations," with the imprint of the *Coblenzer Volkszeitung;* "Company 'M' 356th Infantry 89th Division Camp Funston, Kansas to Schweich, Germany," printed by Gebrüder Koch at Trier.

All of these are dated 1919, or, if undated, are 1919 nevertheless, for at the beginning of that anticlimactic year the A. E. F., having made history, was settling down to the writing of it. Many units, of course, waited until they were home again. Some are still waiting; of the participation of such a superb combat organization, such a veritable *corps d'élite,* as the Second Division there is as yet no comprehensive survey—its alumni perhaps think that, having survived the war, they can live on indefinitely, and can base the definitive story of their prowess on an adequate historical perspective gained in 1950. But many units wisely would not wait; they set these matters down while the memory of them was hot—and the worth of definitive histories is not impaired by the quantity of comparative trivia that has gone before.

Yet even if these ephemera were of no historical value (and it is easy to underestimate their historical value), sentimentally they are of superlative importance. They were produced, many of them, in the enemy's country during the Allied occupation—produced by technically hostile printers who were themselves freshly demobilized (lending them an advantage over the occupiers which partially compensated for the occupation), who may well have borne scars given them by their new customers, who set strange copy in a strange tongue, and printed on *ersatz* paper that began to crumble a few weeks later, and the durability of which has not augmented in the intervening years. They were produced, too, these tabloid narratives, so close to the very birthplace of printing from movable types that there is about them a kind of postponed incunabularian interest. If only the Mainz instead of the Coblenz bridgehead had been assigned to the Third American Army, then certainly a memorable cluster of A. E. F. unit histories would have been handed down to posterity with the imprint of the home town of Master Gutenberg himself.

J. T. W.

A hitherto unpublished story by Ernest Hemingway ,"God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," will appear this month as the second in the series of Crown Octavos issued by House of Books, Ltd., of 555 Madison Avenue, New York. The issue will comprise 350 copies priced at $2.50 each. The book will be designed by Peter Beilenson and printed at the Walpole Printing Office. The proprietors promise that the punctuation of the title will be correct, as here indicated.

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News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matter. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

ARIZONA

It seems that the deserts in Arizona have recently been blossoming literary stars. So *Frank C. Lockwood,* of Tucson, tells us. He continues:—

Miss *Harriet Monroe,* editor of *Poetry, a Magazine of Verse,* stopped over in Tucson a day or two, early in March, on her way from Central America and the City of Mexico to her home in Chicago. She was in a lyrical mood over the archæological wonders of Yucatan. In an address that she was persuaded to give she told informally and charmingly the story of the founding of *Poetry,* more than twenty years ago, and the resulting excitement in the literary world. Miss Monroe feels that she has won a reprieve from her sore spell of toil as a pioneering editor in the mid-west—and strongly hints that when the magazine arrives at the age of twenty-one it must look out for itself. As for her, she will then write her memoirs.

A new and distinctive bookshop was opened some time ago in Phoenix on Adams Street, opposite the historic Adams Hotel. It will be conducted by *Mrs. Beryl Brackett,* an experienced and enthusiastic book woman of great personal charm, and with a flair for catching the taste of her customers. She is quick in meeting particular needs in special ways. Her dictum is "The customer must absolutely be satisfied." Mrs. Brackett is the daughter of an Arizona pioneer—no small asset in this vivid region where wild west stories about Indians and gunmen tread upon the heels of wild west living heroes.

Mrs. Brackett says she has been amazed at the ever-growing demand for books on the Southwest. Accordingly, she keeps an alert eye upon everything published in this field. She has prepared a mimeographed, extensive, well-annotated list of such books. The range is very wide—from archæology and Indian lore to the plant and animal life of Arizona. These catalogues of titles are revised from time to time and are mailed to remote readers over the state and to other bookshops. Blessed as Arizona is with populous winter colonies of eager readers, Mrs. Brackett has entered the field at the right time and in the right place.

CALIFORNIA

Although *Robert L. Dohmann* couldn't get hold of a typewriter, he sends us some interesting notes from San Francisco:—

Shaw's stay was brief in San Francisco, just overnight, and then he flew to Los Angeles. He arrived simultaneously with "Old Ironsides"—which fact fairly set the local press in a whirl.

They made asses of themselves over Shaw, at the same time singing hymns of patriotism to the "Constitution" . . . quite a contrast between the vituperation and general rudeness of Shaw and the hullabaloo over the "Constitution."

Last month an interesting auction sale was held in San Francisco, the sale of the library of the late Mr. *Joseph D. Redding,* a former President of the Bohemian Club. Book auctions are so rare here that some of the items fetched truly ridiculous prices, although altogether the prices were satisfactory. *John Newbegin* of Newbegin's bookstore, was responsible for the cataloguing and the general enthusiasm which surrounded the sale. A set of Stevenson, the Vailima edition, fetched $334, and a set of Dickens, the National edition, brought $125.

IOWA

Mrs. L. Worthington Smith again supplies us with an excellent Iowa commentary from Des Moines:—

James Norman Hall, co-author with Charles Nordhoff of "The Mutiny on the Bounty," is a graduate of Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa. Before the World War Mr. Hall's home was in Colfax, a Des Moines suburb. In 1919-1920 he was honorary president of the Iowa Press and Author's Club.

At frequent intervals since the publication of "Poems by Pai Ta-Shun" requests for the name of the author of "Wild Geese," "The Parrot," "The Dragon" and "Barcarole," favorite poems in the book, have come to my attention. *Frederick Stanley Peterson,* while still a lad in St. Ansgar, Iowa, began pretending that he was somebody else when he discarded the middle name that his parents had given him for one of his own choosing. Soon after he christened himself Stanley he gathered the neighboring boys about him and started for Africa. Their first objective was the Mississippi River. Reaching that it was their intention to "float right down to the Gulf and out to Africa." A cold rain, hunger, and the dark were a combination that the frightened boys could not fight. Dr. Peterson (*Pai Ta-shun*) remembers that he slept beneath the laprobe on his return journey.

Dr. Peterson's book, done in the Chinese manner and published in Yokohama, was thought to be the work of some educated Chinese. Many years later it was discovered that the serene Oriental philosopher was writing in New York City, that he was widely known as a physician, a university lecturer, a clinical professor and author of standard medical books.

MINNESOTA

From St. Paul, *Paul C. Hillestad* sends us this bit of Minnesota grist:—

I recently came upon the following "Creed of the Craftsman's Guild" written by *Edwin Osgood Grover,* and I pass it on in the thought that it might afford meterial for one of the series of calligraphs appearing in the Review—

> I believe in the divinity of great thoughts and in the sacredness of all books where they abide. I believe in beauty as expressed in the printed page and the tasteful binding. I believe in the individuality of a book, in the abiding presence of the artist who fashions the body of a worthy volume. . . . I believe in everything that makes a book the measure of a man and imparts to it the dignity and grace which come only from long fellowship with the hand of a loving artist.

Grover, as you no doubt know, is Professor of Books at Rollins College. While with Ginn & Co. in 1900 he established the Craftsman's Guild, which issued several noteworthy special editions, including some block books.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent; tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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by STEFAN ZWEIG

Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul
April selection — Book-of-the-Month Club

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
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The PHŒNIX NEST

WE are going to clean up the matter of this Porlock person now and forever. The gifted and versatile *Vincent Starrett* writes us from Chicago:

> I may as well grab whatever credit I may—or *you* care to give me—for my early animadversions on the person from Porlock. I send you herewith a brochure which speaks for itself—not quite as well as I could wish it to speak, however, as you will note by my hasty emendations. It was a youthful essay of mine, which once pleased a great many "persons"—some of them Porlockians. Finally, the brochure resulted, the foreword being in the nature of a surprise. It is fairly scarce, and a few "persons" actually advertise for it; and, thinking you may care to have one, I send it along.

We certainly do care to have one, to add to our small collection of Starrettiana (if that's correct) The brochure is entitled, "Persons from Porlock" and was printed in Chicago for the Bookfellows in 1923. The paper first appeared in *Reedy's Mirror,* that famed St. Louis periodical. One of the best things said as to Porlock occurs toward the end:

> The place has no frontiers; it is as wide as the universe. Its geographical boundaries are the boundaries of the world; its history is the history of Time. Porlock-on-the-Hudson, Porlock-on-the-Thames, Porlock-on-Avon. . . . How many times do you suppose Anne was obliged to call Master Will to his dinner? . . . Porlock-on-the-Styx. . . .

The Saturday Review of Literature lost an old and dear friend in the death of *J. Ranken Towse* in England. From the time of the *Review's* earlier incarnation as a literary supplement to the New York *Evening Post,* Mr. Towse was one of its most valued advisers. His long and distinguished career as dramatic critic is too well known to need further applause of ours, but we mourn the loss of a well-beloved comrade. . . .

Even more in the public eye was the late *Henry Van Dycke,* a man of remarkable attainments in the fields of literature and religion. His recent death at Princeton removed from the ranks of America's older literati a familiar figure of undeniable distinction. . . .

Arthur W. Bell serenades us from Cape Cod:

The piping hyla polliwog
Alone proclaims the spring;
The vine is withered from the bog
And no skeats sing.

On May first, New York daylight-saving time, on NBC's network, from 9:30 P.M. to 10 P.M., *Lilian White Spencer's* radio romance of the Cliffdwellers of ancient Colorado, called "Mesa Verde," will be broadcast from station KOA, Denver, Colorado. This is an adaptation for radio from Mrs. Spencer's Colorado Pageant successfully presented in Denver several years ago. . . .

An *Intimate Friend* of ours submits the following comment upon a contemporary tendency in magazine short stories. He calls it

Tempo

Having been on both sides of the editorial fence in my time—and what is my time? Have you got the time?—I have no inconsiderable sympathy with editors and their rejection slips and letters. At my advanced age they take pity on me today and usually send me notes. "Just horribly sorry, old man!" That sort of thing. Sign themselves "Cordially." It's nice. But baby needs shoes.

Lately, if you haven't heard, the short-story market has been rather shot, even for the big shots. That's three shots in one sentence, and a good start for a detective story. Anyway, conditions—well, conditions weren't any worse in college. And as I am one of the little shots—popgun—how can I hope to compete in these days? Nevertheless, I do; without exactly desiring to corner the market.

Perhaps the above desultory manner of writing is the cause of my failure. Anyway, I lately aimed my efforts at snappy narrative at a certain magazine of fairly large circulation, and began a pleasant correspondence with one of the sub-editors, collecting a lot of "Sorry's." I've written "Sorry" myself on a great many rejection slips in—there my old time comes wambling in again! — so it's only meet and right that I get some myself. I realize that. Where was I? Can't I keep to the point?

You see I really know all about the phrases "Not quite up our street," "We have bought almost no—," "Many thanks for letting us see—," "This doesn't just hit us," "I regret to report," "Does not seem quite to make a place for itself—," and then there was that gem that a boss of mine in the old days coined, "Outside the periphery of our present needs." I know all those. But I began getting, "too leisurely," "impeded by detail," "nice treatment but slow movement," and started seriously to wonder whether I was going to sleep at the switch. When I read the stories over to myself they seemed to move fairly fast, at about the speed of a good brisk walk anyway. Of course if people didn't like their destination, that was their privilege. But somehow I couldn't see those stories as creeping along on hands and knees, dragging a whole lot of details after them like a hound-dog disheartened by a string of tin cans.

Finally, however, the particular sub-editor I was annoying put over a really fast one, and I received a crisply typed note informing me that my latest effusion was returned because, "The tempo seems to lack the pace our readers prefer" (I wondered about that tempo lacking pace). And, at about the same time, I picked up a current magazine, the one with the prettiest girl covers of them all, and saw blazoned on its front, "Beginning *Whatsis* by *Whosis*—the fastest-moving story of the year!"

There seems to be no doubt about it. This is an accelerated age, and I have simply got to adapt myself to the times. The stories of today are not out for a mere "constitutional," they're on the run. The records of past performances are going down like nine-pins (or is it ten-pins? I never know). One popular weekly, indeed, gives you the reading time on every story they publish, in a small line of type just under title and author, and even among the readers I found myself falling behind. I often had my wife clock me, and I came panting up the stretch among the also-rans on any story in that periodical for which I entered. No matter how peppily I danced up and down on the carpet, trying out my spikes before I started in, I was lagging badly in the first quarter, and usually lay down and went to sleep before it was all over. Which is certainly no way to run a race.

He who runs—and *only* he who runs—may read. And that goes double for he who (I naturally want to say *him* who!) writes. (He—who, however, hypnotizes, like an owl in a tree!) So I began a sort of St. Vitus dance of writing:

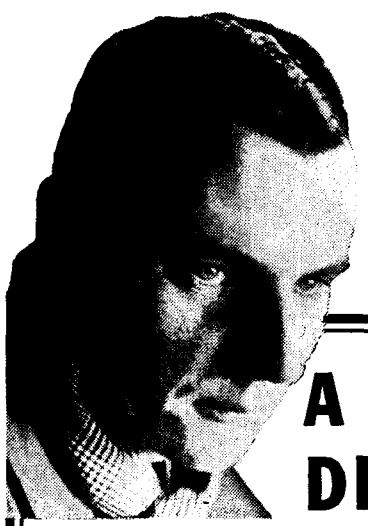
"Door slammed. 'Ha, Marge! So you are in love with Luke Battersby? Oh, hello, Luke! You in love with my wife?' Bang-bang! Sirens in the street. Policemen pour from cars. Thunder on door-panels. Woman's scream, 'He left by the fire-escape, officer.' Cataract of cops down fire-escape. 'Luke, are you hurt, darling?' 'No. Missed me. Quick! Pack bags.' Miami Special. Running man makes rear platform. Flap of wire door. Conductor. 'Where's your ticket?' Bang-bang. Denudes conductor and shoves him off train. Mystery man dons uniform. In compartment, woman and Luke just opening bottle of 3.2 beer. Knock. Conductor. 'Tickets, please!' Produced. 'Thanks!' Removing conductor's-cap disguise, 'How are ye, Marge? How are ye, Luke?' Bang-bang. Both bagged."

Well, I mean—that's quick enough, isn't it? Or isn't it? Anyway, it's not impeded by details, even the details that might possibly make it plausible—though they'd have to hustle a bit more to do that. But you get action, see! The pace is up to the tempo, and the tempo is capping on the pace. You've got to do that nowadays.

But my wife says I have acquired the terrible habit of stamping about the living-room snapping my fingers and barking out gruff monosyllables, and pointing my finger at her. And she doesn't know anybody named Luke. Neither do I. It does seem unfair.

Among the Brontë relics recently sold in London were manuscript booklets containing stories Charlotte wrote between the ages of thirteen and twenty-three, childish drawings by Charlotte and Emily, and Charlotte's walnut writing-desk.

THE PHŒNICIAN.



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